THE

ECONOMY OF BEAUTY;

IN A SERIES OF

F A B L E S:

ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES.

What's female Beauty, but an Air divine,
Thro' which *THE MIND*'s all gentle Graces ſhine?
They, like the Sun, irradiate all between,
The Body charms, BECAUSE THE SOUL IS SEEN.

Dr. Young.

THE SECOND BOOK.

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THE ARGUMENT.

FABLE I.

THE Soul being properly *informed* in the preceding Series, due Regard is paid in This to Externals,—which begins—where ſome young Ladies are ſuppoſed to finiſh their Studies—with

THE ART OF DRESSING.

A great Secret in the very Motto. The Neceſſity and Importance of this Art inferred from the Abſurdities conſequent on Ignorance of it. A modern *Head* architectonically conſidered—animated *Caryatides*—our Daughters like the poliſhed Corners of the Temple. The Beauties even of a SEFTON eclipſed by ſuch Enormities.—Mere *Faſhion* another *Vanburgh*, in human Architecture—exemplified—a Lady in the true Manſion-Houſe Taſt, *overcharged* with Ornaments—another in ſomething of the Chineſe—not half herſelf. More Inſtances of the Abſurdities of Faſhion—the Court of Alexander—Richard's Lords—modern Optics. A mercileſs Tyrant—her Laws arbitrary, unreaſonable, cruel. *Taſt* a gracious Princeſs, governing by wiſe, and wholeſome Laws, DECENCY her *Magna Charta*. A Receipt to cure a *long Face*—Ditto for a *ſhort* one. The Wardrobe unlocked—Rules for chuſing. The *Fair*—the *Brunette*—the *Over-roſy*—the *Pale*, inſtructed. NEATNESS *all in all*. The Difference between *Faſhion* and *Taſt* fairly ſtated—Inference. The Queſtion. A Beau of the laſt Age—little more than the Tenant of his Wig. Hiſtory of *another*, or THE MONKEY IN ROBES—makes but an indifferent *Tiger*, and a worſe *Lion*—why—General Moral; Dreſs, however ſhowy and expenſive, if unſuitable, always ridiculous.

FABLE II.

A STILL greater Source of Deformity than bad Dreſſing, and yet very faſhionable—SLANDER. Her Birth, Parentage and Exploits—a very *Drawcanſir*, ſparing neither Age, Rank, or Sex. Some Account of a great and excellent *Princeſs*, who was never out of her Reach 'till ſhe went to Heaven. And why. Found to be an incurable Diſeaſe—like the Peſtilence alarming every Body, however ſound and wholeſome, but killing only Thoſe that have it. One with the Marks upon her—the Progreſs of the Plague—brings on univerſal Uglineſs—the natural Conſequence. A negative Rule, or what we muſt *not* do to be amiable. Caſe in point. The Folly of Cenſoriouſneſs—Diſhoneſty—Impudence. The common Excuſe—Hope of reforming the World—exploded by the Conduct of three deteſtable Hypocrites. A fair Warning.

FABLE III.

ALL Preliminaries thus formally ſettled, our fair Pupils ſuppoſed fit to be married—and directed in the Choice of a Huſband—firſt negatively. A Dialogue between my Lord and his Daughter—Some Obſervations on her Conduct at *Cornelys*'s, with Reſpect to Sir *Timothy Tinſel*—and a Sketch of his Character. Lady *Sophia*'s Defence of herſelf and him—his Perſon—Learning—but above all, his incomparable Wit demonſtrated. My Lord ſtill has his Objections—and why—Tells a ſtrange old Story, and guards her againſt a ſimilar Diſappointment.

FABLE IV.

ANOTHER dreadful Source of Miſery in the Choice of a Huſband. *Chloë* at *Wilton*'s—her Taſt for Statuary—*Apollo Belvidere*—*Farneſe*

Hercules—her Favourite *Adonis*—a mortifying Diſcovery with Reſpect to the Head and Heart of the Gentleman aforeſaid—Serious Application to a *Rake.* Some Doubts of the infallible Certainty of that great Maxim—" a reformed Rake makes the beſt Huſband." Or if admitted, ſtill more Doubts—whether an habitual Rake ever *was* reformed—Whence they proceed—*Experience* gives in her Verdict—introduces a Fable—ſhewing that the Promiſes, Tears, Vows and Oaths of an habitual Debauchee can never be ſafely relied on. A Piece of Caſuiſtry.

FABLE V.

INFINITE Reaſon for Caution therefore—in this moſt intereſting and important Buſineſs—the Choice of a Huſband—our whole future Lives muſt take their Color of Happineſs or Miſery from That. Something worſe than Death to a truly modeſt Woman. Mutual Good-liking not ſufficient to direct—a Marriage between the Living and the Dead—many ſuch at the preſent Day—how to avoid ſuch a one. Genuine Honor—its Effects.—Happineſs at Court—How ſhe came there—is ready to follow every other Huſband and Wife, even to a Cottage, who ſubmit to be guided by Reaſon and Virtue. Impoſſible for a ſilly or a vicious Man to make a good Huſband—Illuſtrated—Some Rudiments of a new Society for Reformation of Manners. Objection—the young Lady's Queſtion—A Knave's Anſwer. Cogent Reaſons for diſtruſting a Man, to whom a good Character is given by—himſelf only. A little Experience, and the general Teſtimony of the World rather to be depended on. A woful Diſappointment ariſing from a Neglect of this Rule.

FABLE

FABLE VI.

Two opposite Extremes equally injurious to Matrimony—*Credulity* and *Suſpicion*—the former exploded in the two preceding Fables, the Conſequences of the latter here inſiſted on. A *haſty*, not an *early* Marriage condemned. Hiſtory of a Demurrer,—would have married *Eugenio* but for a trifling Accident—ſhe was ſo long making up her Mind, that he—died. Not ſo cruel afterwards, except to herſelf—Had an Objection to leading Apes below, and therefore led one here. Dies without Iſſue. Her laſt Will and Teſtament—with a generous Legacy to the Ladies of Great-Britain, by Way of Codicil.

FABLE VII.

Not every Man capable of generous, laſting Love—the Author, with trembling Solicitude for the Happineſs of his Pupils, earneſtly recommends Self-knowledge to the Men. His Reaſons for it. What Love is *not*—what it is—a neceſſary ingredient—never found in the Heart of the *ſordid*, or the *ſilly*. Another Ingredient which cannot be poſſeſſed by the *proud* and *ignorant*. The Ladies plainly and poſitively directed in their Choice, with the Wife's *Economy of Beauty*, in a few Words. How to diſtinguiſh real *Fitneſs* in Men, from the Effects of Vanity and Self-conceit—which not only ſerve to make one half of the Sex preſume themſelves qualified, but to impoſe on half the other—till fatal Experience diſabuſes both—when 'tis too late. The Scheme of a Lottery, which pleaſed none but—the Wiſe and the Good—Of another which perfectly ſatisfied all the Reſt of the World.

FABLE VIII.

His Pupils now ſuppoſed to be embarked on the Voyage of Matrimony, He proceeds to give a Chart of the Seas—invokes the *Manes* of

two celebrated Geographers in this Way—and deſcribes a moſt dreadful Rock, on which Thouſands are every Hour making Ship-wreck of their Peace and Happineſs—A CIRCULATING LIBRARY! Advice to the female *Quixots*—a Head ſtuffed with Romances diſqualified for every ſocial Office—more eſpecially for the Duties of a Wife. What a man really is—what *her* Conduct ought to be in Conſequence. A Caſe in point—with an Inference applicable to both Sexes.

FABLE IX.

THE Sacrifice of Reputation—Beauty—Health—Love—Virtue
and Happineſs,
at the Shrine
of
PLEASURE:
a Tragedy.
As it is performed *every* Night of the Week, in the Theatre of
THE GREAT WORLD.
To which is added a *ſerious Farce*, called
The Wife Metamorphoſed,
or
Repentance too late.
The Epilogue—" A Word to the Wiſe."

FABLE X.

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

The Slattern's Excuſe—" no Body but I and my Huſband"—exploded for ever. The Difference between a Wife and a Miſtreſs ſtated—ſuitable Conduct neceſſary. *Corinna*'s Caſe—no Economiſt—a notorious Spendthrift—laviſh of Grace every where, but at Home—a Bankrupt.

Bankrupt. A Hint. Report from the Committee of *Ways* and *Means*. The Mermaid in Love—her Love-powder—its Ingredients—Operation and Effect—married—The Homily, addreſſed to every Woman upon the Face of the Earth—namely, all that are married, or intend to be married.

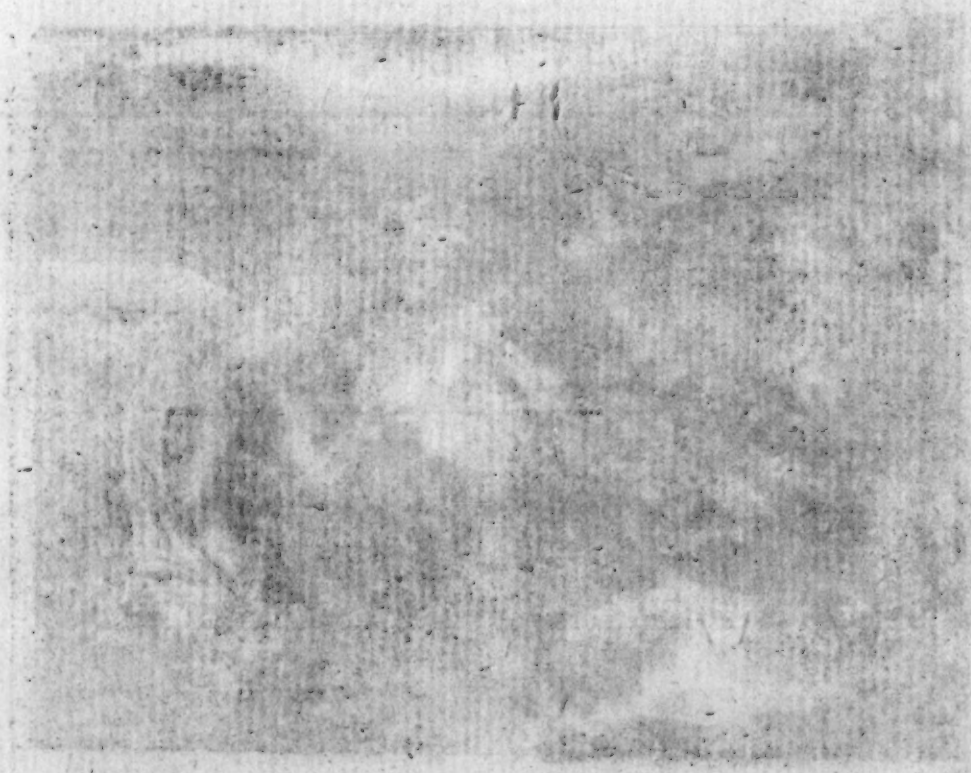
FABLE XI.

Virtue, *Genius* and *Reputation* in Perſon—their Scheme—Fear of Separation—Plan of a *Hue and Cry* after *Virtue* and *Genius*—none after *Reputation*—and why—Concluſion, never to truſt her out of Sight. Their Journal—Ignorance—Diſgrace—formally baniſhed from the *Coterie*—an Inſtitution profeſſedly unconnected with either—The Judgment paſſed on them by the *polite* World, at Tunbridge—Bath—Briſtol—Southampton—become Beggars—raiſed on a ſudden to the Pinnacle of Glory and Happineſs—Paper of Directions for them pinned on the Boſom of the QUEEN—"*Enquire within.*"

FABLE XII.

CONCLUSION. The Wife's Conduct in the Abſence of her Huſband—no Frequenter of public Places—admits but few Viſits—thoſe of very particular Friends—laments the Abſence of her Huſband—her Dirge—a Piece of Criticiſm on it—a Scene in Virginia—The Critic in Perſon neglected by *Nature*—is educated by *Envy*—a great Proficient in Ridicule—whom he ſpares—hates—pleaſes—to whom ſerved his Apprenticeſhip—Specimen of his Manner—an humble Remonſtrance—Apology—Petition.

THE



THE

PLAYERS.

There is a real Beauty in Attire, that does not depend on the Mode. But *if* Perſons of Rank cannot chuſe their own Dreſs, but muſt run along with the preſent Faſhion;

THE SECRET OF DRESSING GRACEFULLY

muſt conſiſt in the ſlender Variations, that cannot be obſerved to deſert the Faſhion, and yet approach nigher to the Complexion and Import of the Countenance.

DISCOURSE ON TAST.

THE
PLAYERS.

FABLE I.

SUPPOSE a Painter ſhould deſign——
If human Art might reach divine——
A *Molyneux*—Mien, Air and Face,
And copy every killing Grace,
And all thoſe *Venuſes* of Form,
The bright Original that warm;
Should he profane ſuch Charms as Theſe,
To form a *Caryatides*---

V. 3. *Molyneux.*]----Now the right honourable Lady SEFTON.

V. 8. *Caryatides*, or *Cariates*, in Architecture, a Kind of Order of Columns, or Pilaſters, under the Figures of Women, dreſſed in long Robes, ſerving to ſupport Entablatures. The Greeks having taken the City of *Carya*, led away their Women Captives, and to perpetuate their Servitude, repreſented them in their Buildings as charged with Burthens, ſuch as thoſe ſupported by Columns.

See Mr. Bentley's elegant Deſigns to Gray's Odes.—The Cat drowned in a Vaſe of Gold and Silver Fiſh.

A Row of Pillars, for Example,
Or poliſh'd Corner of a Temple——
And doom that ſacred Head t'endure
A Load of high Entablature,
Enrich'd with carving, painting, gilding,
In ſhort, convert it to a Building:
Could you, admitted to the Sight,
Forbear to ridicule the Fright?
Would not, ye Fair, your Scorn purſue it,
Tho' *Rubens*, or tho' *Reynolds* drew it?

Th' Employment, and the Maſs around,
Muſt every Touch of Grace confound.

Something like This may DRESS effect,
Faſhion your only Architect;
She'll load with ſupplemental Hair,
Till Architrave and Cornice ſtare,
Order on Order, *à la Grecque*,
Like a mere Column, Head and Neck.

When

When we ſome *jaghier'd* Dame behold
The Porter of her Gems and Gold,
The moving Jewel-Office ſtraight
Recalls to Mind *Tarpeia*'s Fate,
Who, by her treacherous Friends ſupply'd,
Beneath her Finery groan'd and dy'd.

The wide-wing'd Hoop, the cumbrous Sack,
The Wood-propt Leg, the Stay-built Back,
True *Taſt* for ever ſhall deſpiſe;
They ſnatch the Woman from our Eyes,
Or make her, dwindling to an Elf,
The ſmalleſt Portion of herſelf.

Nay *Mode* has taught Mankind to prize
Ev'n perſonal Deformities:

V. 30. *Tarpeia.*]—This young Lady was a Veſtal Virgin, and ſo immoderately fond of Finery, that ſhe undertook to deliver the Capitol, of which her Father was Governor, into the Hands of the *Albans*; if they would promiſe to give her *thoſe charming Ornaments, which they wore on their Left Arms*---meaning their Bracelets. Being admitted, they availed themſelves of the Ambiguity of the Expreſſion, and one and all caſt their *Shields* upon, and cruſhed her to Death.

Witneſs, all loſt to Grace and Grandeur,
The wry-neck'd Court of *Alexander*,
Richard's round-ſhoulder'd Lords, and now
The lying *Glaſs* on every Brow,
Your faſhionable Eye decreeing
Perfect in any thing but——ſeeing.

Faſhion and *Taſt* at Variance, ſay,
Which Empreſs ſhall the Wiſe obey?
Faſhion to all Love's various Tribes
One univerſal Law preſcribes.
She, Tyrant! dooms the black, the fair,
The ſhort, the tall, one Garb to wear;
If to Advantage ten are dreſt,
She ſacrifices all the reſt.

V. 46. *An Eye perfect in any thing but—ſeeing.*] There is nothing too abſurd for Faſhion, Affectation, and Flattery. When *Denys* (Dionyſius) of *Sicily* grew dim-ſighted, his Courtiers pretended it was an epidemical Diſtemper; tumbled over one another, as if they were almoſt blind, and threw down the Side-board, Diſhes, &c. COLLIER.

Behold

Behold the Nymph by Nature tall,
From French Heels tottering to her Fall,
Proclaming, by a line-ſtrip'd Sack,
A *Patagonian* Length of Back,
Inelegantly ſtraight, ſupplying
Nor Fall, nor Fold for Love to lie in.
Her Face, too ſhort, at either Bound,
By Curls, and Ear-rings, wrought ſo round,
That Satire, with malicious Grin,
Deſcribes her Perſon by her *Pin*——
'Twixt her Complexion and her Knot,
All Harmony of Tint forgot:——
Why view the Victim with Compaſſion?
She's happy, for ſhe's in the Faſhion.

With Nature *Taſt* conſults, and ſtudies
The various Turn and Style of Bodies,
Adapts to each a ſeveral Manner,
To bring them all to Beauty's Banner;

Deaf

Deaf to Self-love, unaw'd by Pride,
'Twixt Grace and Blemiſh will decide,
Teach this to heighten, that to hide;
Revolves Examples, old aud recent,
Regarding all in all the DECENT.

Is *Seraphina*'s Face too thin?
Her Lappets, clos'd beneath her Chin,
Swell round her Cheek, with graceful Air,
Capacious of her lovely Hair;
That lovely Hair, which now *deſcends*,
Rejoic'd its high-ſtretch'd Torture ends,
And o'er her ſhady Forehead bends
In native Rings; by this Removal
Her Face reducing to an Oval.

The Line of *Chloe*'s Face too near
Perhaps approaches to a Sphere;

Touch'd

Touch'd by the *Graces*, back retire
The Side-curls; while the Forehead higher
Its beamy Glories bids aſpire:
The Ruff, or Ribbon's eaſy Flow
Prolongs the *dimpled Charm* below.

Reſcued from Mode, theſe Hints ſuffice
To caution or reform the Wiſe.
Not that your Bard diſdains to ſing,
Where the ſweet *Roman* wav'd his Wing;
He prov'd, defying critic Hate,
All that pertains to Woman, Great—
Worthy the Muſe's hallow'd Fire,
And *Love* and *Venus* bleſt his Lyre.

Of *Veſts* he ſung, their Form and Hue,
And all the various Wardrobe drew,
Love's Armory;—then urg'd the Fair
The *certain* to ſelect with Care:

Not the rich Gold, or Tyrian Veſt,
Nor Grain in royal Purple dreſt,
But what became herſelf the beſt;
Deciding, deaf to *Faſhion*'s Call,
That not convenient all to all.
In *darker* Tints the *ſnowy* Maid
Should be, *Briſeis*-like, array'd;
Black was her Robe when firſt ſhe ſtole
And fir'd to Love Achilles' Soul;
The ſweet *Brunette* muſt charm in *Light*,
A mere *Andromeda* in white.

V. 106. *Not the rich Gold*, &c.] Cloaths are not therefore handſome, and becoming, becauſe they are *rich*, nor is the mere wearing of them any ways creditable; otherwiſe the *Taylor* and the *Tire-woman* would be the Fountains of Honor. Their whole Merit ariſes from their being properly ſuited to the Complexion, Figure, Age, &c. and this is above their Talent. None but Perſons of real Senſe and Taſte can hit this Point, in which the whole Secret of Dreſs conſiſts. Indeed *they* have great Delicacy and Exactneſs in their Fancy; they pitch upon nothing that is taudry and mechanic, ſtaring or ill-matched. One may know a *Gentlewoman* almoſt as well by ſeeing her chuſe a Mantua, or a Ribbon, as by going to *Garter* or *Clarencieux*. COLLIER.

If Nature, too profuſe of Grace,
Her Roſes ſpread o'er Neck and Face,
Be *Red* thy Choice; the Scarlet's Grain
Corrects and ſoftens both amain;
The *pale* for Lelac-purple call,
And Blue's in Harmony with all.
Thus *Ovid.*—NEATNESS follows next,
To Britain's Fair a uſeleſs Text.
Your Study That, in every Seaſon,
The Life and Soul of all that's pleaſing---
With you almoſt religious Duty:
Such his Economy of Beauty.

V. 103. *Neatneſs almoſt religious Duty.*—Cleanlineſs and Decency of the Body were always allowed to proceed from moral Modeſty and Reverence; firſt, towards God, whoſe Creatures we are; next, towards Society, wherein we live; and laſtly, towards ourſelves, whom we ought to reverence ſtill more than others. But *falſe* Decorations, *Fucus's and Pigments* deſerve the Imperfections that conſtantly attend them; being neither exquiſite enough to deceive, nor commodious in Application, nor wholeſome in their Uſe. And it is much that this *depraved Cuſtom of painting the Face* ſhould ſo long eſcape the penal Laws of Church and State. Lord BACON.

Prometheus-Taſt thus gives her Creatures
The full Perfection of their Natures.
While *Faſhion*, like his Journey-men,
Turns all to ſenſeleſs Clay again,
Burleſquing Man:—all Form diſtorted,
Feet, Legs, and Hands and Arms ill-ſorted---
A Noſe from A. an Eye from B.
Purloin'd, and both transfer'd to C.
Nay, a whole Head at once beſtow'd
On Shoulders bending with the Load:
Creation this?---Mere Member-heaping,
Proportion, Symmetry and Keeping,
No Thought of their's; and yet miſdeeming
The *Things* may paſs for Men, and Women.

Read and apply; the Tale's a Gift
From that immortal Genius---SWIFT.

V. 139. *Swift*]—See the Intelligencer, No. 14.

Each Fair, then, has her Style of Dreſs,
Deſerting which ſhe'll pleaſe the leſs;
But the Reverſe of which aſſum'd,
Becauſe in that another bloom'd,
Defrauded of her native Luſtre,
(Like Diamonds in an ill-ſet Cluſter)
She ſhines no more; or ſhines neglected,
The Gem o'erlook'd, perhaps ſuſpected.

V. 147. *But the Reverſe of which aſſumed*)—FASHION is the Child of *Ignorance* and *Vanity*. The Moment a fine Woman becomes the Talk of the Town, all the Ladies, who are Candidates for Admiration, are reſolved to be *like her*; that is, they implicitly adopt every the minuteſt Article of her Dreſs: not conſidering that what is extremely becoming in one, may be abſolute Deformity in another,—leaſt of all, that ſhe is admired for Qualities unattainable by the Majority, and in which the Myſteries of the Toilet have no Concern. Hence the Eye of Taſt is every Day diſguſted with the Exhibitions of tame, ſervile Copyiſts, inſtead of being delighted with that infinite Variety, which would be the Conſequence of every Woman's ſtudying the Style and Import of her own Perſon; uninfluenced by any Conſiderations, but thoſe of general Decorum.

WILL. HONEYCOMB.

Can this admit Deliberation:
Would you be fair, or in the Faſhion?

When ſome Years ſince, the Coxcomb Prig
Was but the Tenant of his Wig,
Peeping, with Eyes eclips'd, for Day-break,
Like a ſtarv'd Weaſel, thro' a Hay-rick,
What Continence of Muſcle could
Exempt from Laughter Fleſh and Blood?
Some Hero of *gigantic* Stature
With this Incumbrance ſaddled Nature,
At firſt I ween, 'twas right in him
To ſoften a huge *Polypheme*;
His Wig full dreſt, we've known the Caſe---
The ſole good Feature in his Face.
But when, at laſt, the hairy Load
Became the univerſal Mode,
Was Wiſdom's, and was Valor's Covering,
Your only Wear to play the Lover in;

What Wonder, if the Fair, combin'd,
Had ſhut themſelves from all Mankind?
Or come in Crowds, with virtuous Rage,
To hiſs *Sir Fopling* from the Stage,
His own Dimenſions, who, forgetting,
Beneath a Giant's Geer was ſweating.

'TWAS in a Wood, whoſe Shades confer
A rural Amphitheatre,
The ſocial Brutes, their Stage a Rock,
Aſſum'd the *Buſkin* and the *Soc*,
The Green-room *Nature* govern'd, ſhe,
Sole Manager and Patentee,
Caſt with ſuch Wiſdom every Part,
Each was the *Garrick* of his Art.
The *Lion*, worthieſt of the Ring,
Who play'd with Dignity a King,

A *Tyger*

A *Tyger* plots to get dethroned,
And place the Crown upon his own Head---
A dark Conſpirator, that mocks
All Rule of Duty; while the *Fox*,
Prime-miniſter, diſpens'd abroad
His promiſſory Smile and Nod.
A generous *Bull* perform'd the Lover,
His faithful Confident was *Rover*,
A *Heifer* heard his amorous Vow,
With all the Prudence of a Cow.
The lower Parts, 'twere vain to draw---
As *Wolves* were Barriſters at Law.
Their Clients *Sheep*, or, ſome ſay, *Geeſe*,
But rather bare of Plume and Fleece.
The feather'd Minſtrels of the Grove
Perform'd the Overture above.
The Play began; at every Pauſe,
The pleas'd Spectators roar Applauſe,

So

So loud you'd think the *Gargan* Wood
Rebellow'd to the *Tuſcan* Flood.
" Heavens! what a Fuſs is here," exclaim'd
An APE, whom Jealouſy enflam'd,
" *Their Looks, their Carriage, and their Spirit!*
" No doubt the Creatures have ſome Merit,
" So have their *Dreſſes*; lend me theſe,
" You'll ſee that other Folks may pleaſe
" As well as thoſe you fondly doat on."
He cry'd, and ſlipt the Tyger's Coat on,
Then fabricates a Smile to ſay,
" *Indifferently graceful!—ha?*"

Impetuous Laughter ſhook the Crowd
At once; and ev'n his Friends allow'd
The *tigrine Mode*, on his aſſuming,
Not univerſally becoming.
Their Sneers confuſe, but not convince;
He ſeiz'd the Mantle of the *Prince*,

Practis'd

Practis'd awhile, behind the Scene,
The royal Manner, Gait and Mien,
Took Council of his Heart, and Mirror,
Nor mark'd, self-satisfy'd, one Error,
But while in Act the Crown to tie on,
Was conscious he look'd all the Lion.

The Curtain draws; on each By-stander,
Mistaking Gloominess for Grandeur,
A kind of tragic Frown he gleam'd:
'Twas something that so ill-beseem'd,
(Say all the Critics physiognomic)
His Face, insuperably comic,
That Sceptre, Robes, and Crown forgot,
They hiss'd his Kingship on the Spot.

THE

REFORMERS.

She, who malignant tears an abſent Friend,
Or, when attack'd by Others, don't defend;
Who trivial Burſts of Laughter ſtrives to raiſe,
And courts of prating Petulance the Praiſe;
Of Things *She* never ſaw, who tells the Tale,
And Friendſhip's Secrets knows not to conceal,
The *Woman*'s vile;—here *Briton* fix your Mark;
Her Soul is black, AS HER COMPLEXION'S DARK.

FRANCIS's *Hor.*

THE
REFORMERS.

FABLE II.

SLANDER, which all the Wiſe agree,
Like its Concomitant, Bohea,
Who uſe it, robs of Health and Reſt,
Is ſtill—ſad Truth!---the general Taſt.

Foul Child of Envy and Ill-Nature,
All-practis'd, all-exploded Satire,
With equal Foot ſtill ſmites the Door
Of Palaces, and where the Poor
Dwell with Content, till ſhe appear,
And force from Innocence a Tear.
With *Titan* Fury now ſhe ſtands
Hurling her ſacrilegious Brands
Againſt the Throne: No Rank exempts,
Age, Sex, or Worth, from her Attempts.

AUGUSTA! Thou, whoſe Soul contains
Whate'er of Good or Great remains

Man's native Dignity to ſhew,
To none but Honor's Foes, a Foe,
Thy Virtue's adamantine Shield,
Celeſtial Panoply, repell'd,
But not exempted from, her Rage,
Thy Life, a Satire on the Age.
Back on themſelves rebounds the Dart,
And rankles in their fever'd Heart.
As Bats, and Owls, obſcene, deteſt
The Sun, in golden Radiance dreſt;
So Knaves and Fools indignant view
Faith, Friendſhip, Piety, and You.

This Gangrene of the Soul, whoſe Air
Breathes Peſtilence, is fatal there,
Beyond the Moral Leach's Skill,
Where grows th' immedicable Ill.

In Wiſdom's Eye, when *Leſbia* rails
Or, with malignant Grief, bewails

A Sifter's Error, while ſhe ſpeaks,
Grace dies upon her own warm Cheeks;
A livid Paleneſs ſeems to ſpread
O'er the ripe Fruitage, glowing-red,
Of Beauty's Lip; the Dimple deep,
Where all the Loves their Revels keep,
Hardens to Frowns, or Wrinkles dire,
Chilling in every Breaſt Deſire:
The untun'd Voice harſh, the Ear pains,
Deformity with *Diſcord* reigns.
Hence tedious *Celebacy* waits
(The Doom denounc'd by angry Fates)
On Thoſe, whoſe buſy Tongues reveal
What female Candor ſhould conceal.

V. 36. *Grace dies*—] He that ſpeaketh Evil of any one maketh himſelf look ugly. QUINTILIAN.

V. 39. *Beauty's Lip*—] 'Tis an Obſervation of the higheſt Authority, That every Man will kiſs thoſe Lips which give a *right* Anſwer; but ſurely no one will deſire to kiſs thoſe Lips, which are embittered with Reproach, or defiled by dirty and *cenſorious* Language. BARROW.

Founded on Truth's eternal Baſe,
This Maxim may preſerve your Face:
" Where Envy, Pride and Malice ſwell,
There Beauty never deigns to dwell."

In *Pandæmonium* thus the Race
Angelic, ſtudious to debaſe
Heaven's younger Sons, in Serpent's hiſs,
Amerc'd of Beauty and of Bliſs:

V. 51. *Where Envy*, &c.—] Of all the Appearances, methinks a *Smile* is the moſt extraordinary. It plays with a ſurpriſing Agreeableneſs in the Eye, breaks out with the brighteſt Diſtinction, and ſits like a *Glory* in the Countenance. What a natural Encouragement to Good-Humour! As much as to ſay, IF PEOPLE HAVE A MIND TO BE HANDSOME, THEY MUST NOT BE PEEVISH, UNTOWARD, AND CENSORIOUS. Diſcourſe on the Aſpect.

V. 53. *Pandæmonium*—] See *Milton*'s Paradiſe Loſt, Book X.

down they fell,
And the dire Hiſs renew'd, and the *dire Form*
Catch'd by Contagion, like in Puniſhment,
As in their Crime. Thus was th' Applauſe they meant,
Turn'd to exploding Hiſs, Triumph to Shame
Caſt on themſelves from their *own Mouths*.

Who

Who would indulge that potent Evil,
Which chang'd a Seraph to a Devil?

Admit that *Chlöe* was to blame;---
Shall I be firſt to blaſt her Fame?
Have I no Faults Myſelf?—I'd aſk
My Heart,—a neceſſary Taſk!
Impartial Search---ere I preſume
The Cenſor's ſacred Chair aſſume:---
No Blemiſh that I'd wiſh to ſave
From Envy's jaundic'd Eye?——I have.
Shall I then judge?---'Twere want of Senſe,---
Injuſtice,---nay, 'tis Impudence!

V. 67. *Shall I then judge?*—] The Scope of the Poem is to impreſs on our amiable Country-women an habitual Conviction of theſe great and intereſting Truths: 1. That a Diſpoſition to Cenſoriouſneſs is neceſſarily deſtructive of perſonal Beauty. 2. That it is almoſt an infallible Evidence of Demerit in thoſe, who indulge it. —Exemplified by the Fable—Perſons of exalted Virtue, and unblemiſhed Reputation are never forward to ſuſpect thoſe of others. Hence that celebrated Saying of the Ancients: Calumny killeth Three—Him, *of* whom it is ſpoken—Him, *to* whom it is ſpoken —and *Him, who ſpeaketh it.* The Harangues of the Slanderer prove one Thing at leaſt—that he himſelf is envious, proud and fooliſh. PHILOGUNE.

A ſaintly Fox, and prudiſh Cat,
Had once a ſolemn *Téte à Téte*;
" Dear Couſin," thus the Fox begins---
" How I deplore the Nation's Sins!
" A Lady——You'll excuſe her Name---
" As from the *Coterie* we came,
" Of Neighbour Wolf a Story told,
" Which made my very Blood run cold.
" A Sheep, it ſeems, a harmleſs Creature,
" As any in the Realm of Nature,
" Fell in her Way, on whom ſhe ſeiz'd,
" And, tho' it begg'd to be releas'd
" With Cries would pierce a Heart of Stone,
" She pick'd it, Couſin, to the Bone.
" But that her Ladyſhip, who ſaid it,
" Is worthy of implicit Credit,
" I'd ſcorn a Story, which reflects
" Such vile Diſhonor on the Sex.
" All carnal Appetite, you know,
" I have extinguiſh'd long ago;"

" Cry'd

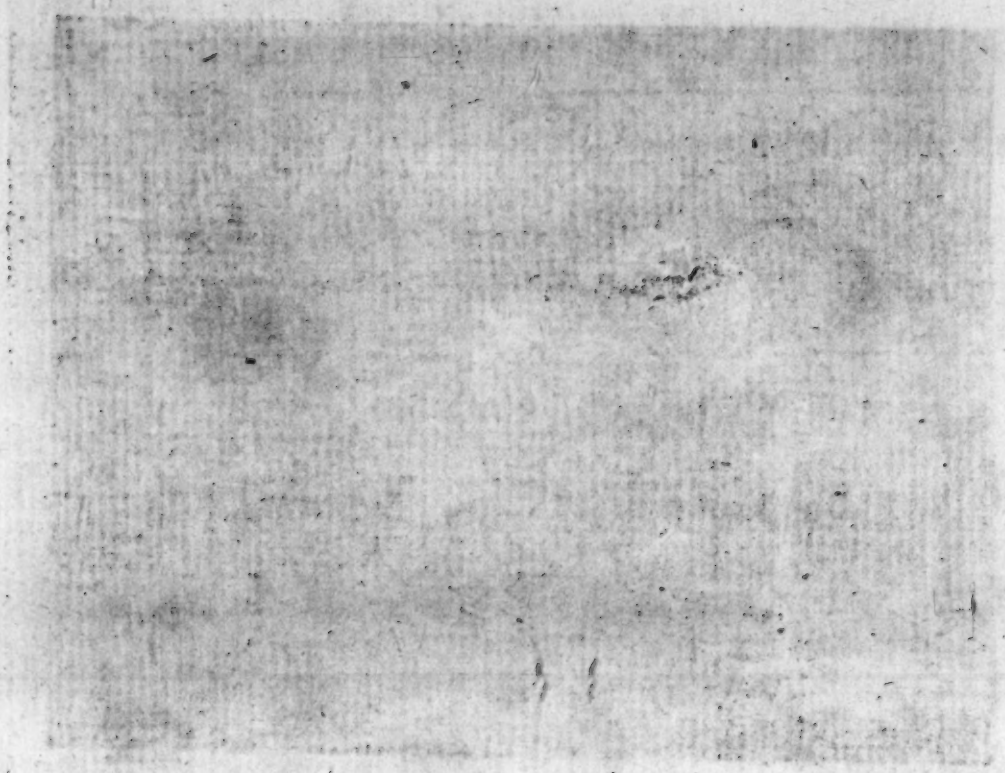
" Cry'd *Prue*, demure," and now you ſee,
" The Reaſon,---the Neceſſity:
" Did but the leaſt Remains, my Dear,
" Of ſuch a Paſſion harbour here,
" Myſelf,---my Life I ſhould deteſt."
She ſaid,---and ſmote her hollow Breaſt.

A thoughtleſs Cock, wak'd by the Sound,
That Inſtant lighted on the Ground;
" Wretch," cry'd the Saint, " predeſtinate,
" By everlaſting Laws of Fate,
" T' incur my Wrath, nor be forgiven;
" Obey, as I, the Will of Heaven."
She ſaid and eat.---The virtuous Cat
Turn'd from the Sight:---when lo! a Rat,
In prime of Youth paſs'd by:---*What means*
This Tumult in a Veſtal's Veins?"
She cry'd, and graſp'd the trembling Creature,
Obedient to the Laws of Nature.

" Heaven's!" quoth a SPIDER Dame, who ſtood
Quaffing a Fly's delicious Blood,
Juſt o'er their Heads:---" And are there Brutes
" So void of thoſe ſweet Attributes,
" Compaſſion, Mercy,——all that decks
" With genuine Grace our ſofter Sex!
" Well, thank my Stars, my Soul is free
" From every Shade of Cruelty.
" This Deed, with Stygian Horror black,
" Will fright my vile Hyſterics back.——
" Aim, Satire, aim at ſuch thy Shaft!"
She ſaid, and took her Morning Draft.

One Moral from the Tale muſt come;——
The Cenſurer's Eye ſhould look at Home,
Weed o'er and o'er the Mental Garden,
And pity Thoſe, ſhe cannot pardon;
Or know, henceforth no Art ſhall hide her
Reſemblance to---CAT---Fox---and SPIDER.

THE



THE

CHOICE OF THE PARROT.

Sometimes a lucky Saying, or a pertinent Reply, has procured an Eſteem of *Wit*, to Perſons otherwiſe very ſhallow, and no ways accuſtomed to utter ſuch Things, by any ſtanding Ability of Mind. So that if ſuch an one ſhould have the Ill-hap, at any Time, to *kill* with a ſmart Saying; it ought, in all Reaſon and Conſcience, to be judged but *Chance-Medley*: the poor Man (God knows) being no ways guilty of any Deſign.

SOUTH.

FAB. III.

THE
CHOICE OF THE PARROT.

FABLE III.

DEAR *Sophy*,—one Day thus began my Lord,
ſerious,
Your Conduct of late has been ſomething myſterious;
With *Sir Timothy Tinſel* to dance the whole Seaſon,
Gave the Cenſors Alarm;---I profeſs, Child, with Reaſon:
That he's mighty particular with you, they tell us, has,
In other Reſpects, been obſerved at *Cornelys's*.
Now, pry'thee declare by what Charm, or Invention,
A Wretch ſo abſurd ſhould engage your Attention?
To doat on a Fopling what Arts can have ſunk ye?---
He bows, ſmiles and dances;---Why, ſo does your Monkey.

Nought but Envy, Papa, would attempt to evince Ill
Of that worthieſt of Creatures, *Sir Timothy Tinſel*,
(The Daughter reply'd, and bluſh'd Indignation,
Too plain to elude my Lord's Penetration)

His perſonal Merit the World muſt acknowledge;
And becauſe the dear Fellow ne'er ſtudy'd at College,
Does that prove to one of your Lordſhip's diſcerning,
That the Baronet's void of all Senſe, Wit, and Learning?
The Suſpicion, I'm certain, had ſtood upon no Foot,
Had you heard what he ſaid to the Dowager *Crowfoot*:
He came in a pink Suit of ſilver Embroid'ry,
She mutter'd out ſomething of foppiſh and tawdry:
My Lady, ſays he,---it was at the *Ridotto*,
Biddy Languiſher wiſh'd it the Slanderer's Motto,
Your La'ſhip he cry'd:---I ſhall do it Injuſtice;
'Twas an Anſwer, in ſhort, like the Bed of *Procruſtes*,

V. 26. *Procruſtes.*—] This Gentleman was a *Buck* or *Blood* of *Attica*, much celebrated in ancient Days for the Peculiarity of his Amuſements. He uſed to ſeize upon poor Travellers, and compel them to meaſure themſelves on a certain Bed, which he kept in his Den; where, if they were too ſhort, he diverted himſelf, by ſtretching them out to the exact Length, and if too long, by chopping them off. He was at laſt killed in one of his Frolicks by *Theſeus*, to the great Diſcouragement of *practical Wit*; his Followers at the preſent Day being obliged to content themſelves with breaking Lamps and Windows, knocking down a few old Watchmen, and terrifying Women with Child. Hiſtory has recorded

Every Sat'rift will fit, and will torture for ever;
An *Iliad* of all that is poignant and clever!

And would my dear *Sophy*, the Father rejoin'd,
On the Credit of one Reply make up her Mind?---
To a mere *Mr. Single-Speech* offer her Heart,
To have and to hold it, till Death us do part?---
To chuſe him Companion for Life there is ſmall Room,
Becauſe a Beau once made you laugh in a Ball-Room.
Force and violent Meaſures, you know, I abhor all---
But hear a Short Story, and find out the Moral.

ON the firſt Day of April, his Wife being buried,
An old Country Squire to Weſtminſter hurried,
Of *the Rational Parrot* the Fame having heard of,
And Him, or his Kindred, would purchaſe, a Bird of:--

recorded but one more Genius of equal Spirit:—Being told by a Vintner, that the Waiter, whom he had juſt thrown out of Window, was killed on the Spot—he cooly anſwered, why then charge him in the Bill. N. B. Common Thieves, Highwaymen, Houſe-breakers and Murderers can hardly be reckoned of this Society, becauſe *they* are generally miſchievous from Want and Neceſſity; whereas the *Blood* or *Procruſtean* breaks the Peace, the Head, or, upon Occaſion, the Heart of a Fellow-Creature, merely from *Exuberance of Vivacity*.

Moſt wiſely concluding, his Prattle ſo merry
Would anſwer the Place of his now ſilent Deary.
Well !---he haſtes to the Shop, there hears the Relation
Of their Character, Parentage, Birth, Education.
One Parrot, the Moment the Squire ſtood next to him,
Profeſs'd himſelf happy to pay his Reſpects to him ;
This ſold him a Bargain :—a Bird of great Levity ;—
That aſk'd What's a Clock, with an Alderman's Gravity :
One the Place of King's Trumpeter, challeng'd moſt clear,
Then ſwore, like a Trooper, he would be Lord Mayor.
This *Liberty !* bellow'd---That *Grievances !* whined,
And ſeem'd like a Monſter to ſpeak from *behind* ;
You'd ſwear it, ſo filthy and falſe was his Song,
He'd liv'd upon *News-Papers* all his Life long.
This jabber'd, and ſlabber'd, and drivel'd his Gills on,
And growl'd like a *Wolfkin*, and howl'd like a *W*——.

V. 56. *Growl'd like a Wolfkin, and howl'd like a* W——]. This latter is an Animal, *ſui Generis*, and would long ago have been ſhut up with the other wild Beaſts in the Tower, but that, having no Teeth to bite, the utmoſt Effort of his Malice amounts only to howling, mumbling, and ſcratching—ſerving only to make Fools merry, and wiſe Men ſad. BRITISH ZOOLOGY.

He

He thought---each by Rote could ſo blaſt and defame---
That *Patriot* and *Parrot* were one and the ſame.
Unable the Merit of each to diſcuſs,
He was loſt which to fix on for better for worſe.

While thus in the Taſk of Selection diſtracted,
One Bird o'er the Reſt all his Notice attracted.
With the Airs of a Beau,
He ſail'd to and fro',
His Eyes,---What Cupids in them lie!
He wore on his Head
A Feather of Red,——
The *Naſh* of the whole gay Aſſembly.

Thou Minion of *Iris!*---for ſure thou art her Son,---
If the Charms of thy Mind equall'd thoſe of thy Perſon;
Of all I have yet ſeen, how far beyond any One,
Would I chuſe thee, ſays he, for my Friend and Companion!
But tho' thy mild Carriage has ſet me agog,
Thou haſt not one Word now to throw at a Dog.

"I THINK, SIR, THE MORE," cry'd the Bird, in a trice:---
Enough This.---In Raptures he paid down the Price:
The Sum, tho' enormous, pray, who would not give
For a Wit's Converſation, as long as we live?

BUT, *Sophy*, remember, ere homeward he'd far gone,
How ſorely the Squire repented his Bargain:
Not a Word *à-propos* could he get from him after,
But Nonſenſe too ſtupid,---too low e'en for Laughter;
Or ſullen, and ſilent, whole Months would he ſit,
Tho' profeſſedly bought for Good-Nature, and Wit.
Out of Patience, at length, he thus ſpoke to the Elf:---
"Dire Plagues on the Blockhead!---Worſe Plagues on
"Myſelf!
"Who, without due Experience, for one Word in Seaſon,
"Could chuſe thee for Life, as a Creature of Reaſon!"

THE

THE

CAT.

FABLE. IV.

CHLOE, 'tis ſaid, you frequent ſtand,
Where *Wilton*'s promethéan Hand
Marſhals his mimic Men; and view,
With Wonder, and with Pleaſure new,
The falſe Creation, ſo much like the true!
This Baſis, which you moſt revere,
Boaſts an *Apollo Belvidere*;
With down-caſt Head, that Form ſo ſtriking,
The *Farneſe Hercules*, by *Glycon*;
Its Contraſt, on the neighb'ring Stone, is
Love's Favourite, and your's, *Adonis*.
Yes, in your Choice your Taſt is ſhewn,---
Man's ſofter Graces all his own.

But, Madam, could it e'er be gueſs'd,
That Form, which Harmony has dreſs'd,

Should hide——the Omen Heaven avert!
A Brain of *Lead*, and Heart of *Dirt?*

Such, *Chlöe*, is the Wretch you prize,
And hope to render good and wiſe——
A RAKE PROFEST---his Shape and Air,
'Tis true, were Nature's fondeſt Care;

V. 20. *A Rake profeſt*—] With the Ladies it is a Kind of general Maxim, that the *beſt Huſband is a reformed* RAKE. The Belief of it is an inconteſtable Proof, that with the true Character of a *Rake* they are unacquainted. "They have indeed heard of a "*wild* young Gentleman, who would rake about the Town, and "take up his Lodging at a Bagnio; who had told many a Girl a "pretty Story, that was Fool enough to believe him; and had a "Right to many a Child that did not call him Father: but that in "ſome of theſe Frolicks he thought no Harm, and for others he had "ſufficiently ſuffered."—Theſe are Words of dreadful Import and ſhould be always thus underſtood;—

"To rake about Town, and lodge at a Bagnio, is to aſſociate "with the vileſt and moſt abandoned of human Beings; it is to "become familiar with Blaſphemy and Lewdneſs, and frequently "to ſport with the moſt deplorable Miſery; to tell pretty Stories "to credulous Girls, is to deceive the Simplicity of Innocence by "Cunning and Falſhood: to be the Father of a nameleſs Progeny, "is to deſert thoſe, whoſe Tears only can implore the Protection, to "which of all others they have the ſtrongeſt and the tendereſt Claim; "it is more than to be a Man without Affection, it is to be a Brute "without

But Senſe and Virtue, both deny'd,
Can never, never be ſupply'd
By human Art.---In Honor's School,
He ſtands impracticably dull,
Cold, heavy, hopeleſs, like the Other,
And venal as his leaden Brother.

Daughters of Britain! all attend
The Caution of a faithful Friend;
From this, the *Woman*'s ſaving *Creed*,
Be never tempted to recede:

" Whoe'er with cool, deliberate Art,
" Once lures a Siſter to deſert
" The peaceful Paths of Innocence,
" Is loſt to Honor, Virtue, Senſe;
" Irrevocably loſt!"——

" without Inſtinct. To think no harm in ſome of theſe Frolicks,
" *is to have worn out all Senſibility of the Difference between Right and*
" *Wrong*; and to have ſuffered for others, *is to have a Body*
" *contaminated with Diſeaſes*, which in ſome Degree are certainly
" tranſmitted to Poſterity." DR. HAWKESWORTH.

What Charms, what Medecine may controul
His loathſome Leproſy of Soul?
The Evil, rooted in the Bone,
Is cur'd, if cur'd, by Miracle alone.

Experience, hoary-headed Dame,
Regards their Taſk as much the ſame,
Who ſtrive to blanch an *Ethiop*'s Hide,
Or ſpeak to Reſt the tumbling Tide
Of daſhing Cataracts, or bind
With Terms of Peace the madening Wind;
And who to purge, with Precept, try
Inveterate Impurity.
No HERCULES in Virtue able,
To cleanſe the Mind's *Augéan* Stable,
The *Beaſt*, once batten'd there, his Scent
Will poiſon all the Tenement;
While o'er the deep---admitted Stain,
A whole *Alphéus* rolls in vain.

Should you, all credulous, impart
That Pearl of mighty Price, your Heart;
Unconſcious of its Worth, he ſoon,
Perhaps ere wanes the Honey-Moon,
The rifled Caſket ſpurns to Duſt,
And proves a *B-lt-m-re* of Luſt.

You think the Wretch has Wit and Senſe---
'Twill only teach him to diſpenſe
With all his Oaths to you, and keep
His Conſcience, not his Vice aſleep.

A Cat, with ſenſual Paſſion fir'd,
His Maſter's *Nightingale* admir'd,
He ever, near her wiry Caſement,
Grown meek and gentle to Amazement,
His Station, like a Swain in Vogue, held;
There ogling purr'd, and---purring ogled.

Betty, one fatal Night, forgot
The Portal of her Cage to ſhut;

He ſaw---her Guardian's Eyes were clos'd,
And ſcarce one Obſtacle oppos'd.
" Life of my Soul!---Oh! ſeize, he cries,
" Th' Occaſion pitying *Love* ſupplies;
" Now, Charmer! from thy Jail deſcend;
" Now free thyſelf, and bleſs thy Friend:
" The Tyrant ſleeps;---This Moment fly
" To me,—to Love,—to Liberty."

She paus'd;—" He was ſincere, ſhe hop'd:"—
In ſhort, poor *Philomel* elop'd.
But (hear and tremble!) ſcarce the Ground
Received her, ere the Victim found,
Imprudence to Deſtruction draws,
And Cats are Brutes with Teeth and Claws.

Reynolds! thy Pencil let me borrow,
To paint the Maſter's Rage and Sorrow.——
" Perfidious, moſt ungrateful Fiend!
" Admitted as my Boſom-friend,

" Couldſt

" Couldſt thou deſtroy my little Charmer?
" Perdition on the Wretch could harm her!
" My Hoſpitality abus'd,
" And to ſo baſe a Purpoſe us'd,
" Death, inſtant Death awaits thee."---Here
The Hypocrite ſhed many a Tear,
Pleaded the Force of youthful Paſſion,
But vow'd a thorough Reformation:——
If ere he touch'd another *Bird*
Wiſh'd he might ſtarve, hang, drown, unheard.

By looks of Sorrow, ſpecious wording,
He ſcap'd:—But once inur'd to *Birding*,
Quickly relaps'd our Felon-Cat,
And next ſeduc'd a ſimple *Bat*.
His Oaths ſtar'd ſternly in his Face,
And thus he ſhew'd the Marks of Grace;
" Child, as a *Bird*, you're ſafe for me,
" But with a MOUSE I muſt be free."

The

The Quibble ſatisfy'd our Bruin,
And the poor Bat met inſtant Ruin.

The Heart corrupted once, the Head
Too ſeldom ſtands in Virtue's Stead;
The Wit of Knaves but ſerves to prove
All Things are lawful that they love.

THE

THE

GARDENER and the BRAMBLE.

FABLE V.

WELL, we admit---the Perſon then
Affords no Rule to judge of Men;
A Swain may dreſs, dance, bow and ſmile,
And yet be worthleſs all the while.

A Woman, who becomes a Wife, 5
Elects a Partner for her Life;
Imprudence here, nor future Care,
Nor ſad Repentance can repair;
Her Die is thrown:---There's no Reſource,
But Death, or worſe than Death, Divorce. 10

To marry!---'Tis a mighty Taſk,
Does every Care and Caution aſk,

Experience,

Experience, ſlow and ſure, t'impart
Some Knowledge of the human Heart,
Leſt, when blind Paſſion chiefly rules,
You fix on Cowards, Knaves and Fools.

A Tyrant, ſtudious to invent
Some dire, unheard of Puniſhment,
Did, to his Mind, at length, contrive One ;—
Bound a dead Body to a live One,——
Proclaim'd no Hand ſhould dare diſſever
The Culprit and his Corpſe, for ever.
By Marriage thus a virtuous Mind
To any Slave of Vice conjoin'd,
Like him, *Corruption*'s doom'd to bear,
Nor feels a Burthen leſs ſevere ;——
At Home,---abroad,---at Board and Bed,
Lives, and converſes with the *Dead!*

V. 17. *A Tyrant*—] *Mezentius.*

Nor

Nor Death to Life more oppoſite,
Than Vice to Virtue, Wrong to Right.
From ſuch prepoſterous Union ſpring
Pain, Sorrow, Hatred,——every Thing
But Happineſs; the Lot of Thoſe
Who ſeek their Lilly and their Roſe,
In *Soul*, and not in Face alone,
And fix where Honor builds her Throne.

Honor, the Child of Virtue, brings
Content from Cottages to Kings.
And Hand in Hand they walk, to give
Thoſe Joys, that make it Life to live;
The Brow ſerene, no Art can forge,
And dwell with CHARLOTTE and with GEORGE.

Hence mutual Worth and Senſe, we own,
Give nuptial Happineſs alone.

'Twixt Fool and Fool, 'twixt Vice and Vice
Eternal Diſcord muſt ariſe;
But Truth and Truth forever run
In neceſſary Uniſon,
The correſponding Minds combine
To form a Harmony divine.

Sappho, pray, liſten to your Spinnet,
You'll hear ſpontaneous Muſic in it,
Whene'er you raiſe the Vocal Lay,
Untouch'd tho' every Chord and Key,
You joy,---it joys,---you mourn,---it mourns;
And faithful Note for Note returns:
Such Symphony be ſure to find,
When Virtue-tun'd, in every Mind.
" But Man's corrupt throughout the Nation."
'Tis yours to *look* a Reformation.
Did every Coxcomb meet from you,
The Frown to Folly juſtly due;

Your

Your Favors would you think a Truſt
Repos'd to bleſs the Wiſe and Juſt:
On Such were all your Smiles beſtow'd,
'Twould grow the Faſhion to be good.
Love then, a Supplement to Law,
Might keep the general World in Awe;
Your Hate condemn, your Anger ſcourge,
'Till every CHARLOTTE found a GEORGE.

Well! your Philoſophy is pleaſant,—
May do in Time:---But for the preſent,
Say, whither ſhall a Virgin wander?
"To me," exclaims the ſmooth *Philander*.
"One honeſt Heart, forever true
"To Beauty, Virtue, and to you,
"Acceptance claims;---it has been try'd,
"In Love's fierce Furnace purify'd:——
"Proves Standard Gold without Alloy;
"Take, and be rich in nuptial Joy."

Nay, ſoftly, generous Sir!---And pray
Where, when was made this ſame Aſſay?
Produce your Witneſſes; does Fame
Allow this Merit that you claim?
'Twere eaſy, ſure, to have it ſhewn
By other Tongues beſide your own.
Great Worth, by Modeſty attended,
Is ſeldom by itſelf commended.
In Wiſdom's Eye your Praiſe may hurt you,
For Vanity's no Kin to Virtue.

Aurora juſt began to ſpread
O'er Nature's Face a lovely Red,
With dewy Diamonds was adorning
The laughing Fields; in ſhort, 'twas Morning.
The Gardener ſought his favorite Haunts,
To hold ſweet Converſe with the Plants;

Scarce had he turn'd the Garden-Wicket,
Before a BRAMBLE in a Thicket,
His kind Attention beg'd to ſteal
A Moment from the Public Weal.

A Bramble ſpeak!---A Critic crys;
Abſurd Impoſſibilities!
Yes, Sir, it ſurely might in Fable;
'Tis prov'd that Plants are *irritable*——
The fam'd Philoſopher *Hilleus*
Himſelf diſcover'd in—*Linnæus*,
They've Sexes, eat, drink, ſleep, like you;
They love,—they hate;—nay, marry too:
The *Cryptogamious*, if you pleaſe,
Deal in *clandeſtine* Marriages:

V. 109. *Cryptogamia*—] Hidden Marriages, the twenty-fourth Claſs of the *Linnæan* Syſtem of Botany. It conſiſts of ſuch Plants as conceal their Fructification, having their Flowers either *within* the Fruit, or ſo ſmall as not to be perceptible to the naked Eye.

High

High Proofs of Reaſon, as you trace,
In many of the human Race:
And Man degenerate to a Stalk,
Why not allow a Tree to talk?
Should you Authorities demand,
Enough are ready to my Hand;
In the Greek Epigram, of Old,
A *Vine* appears a downright Scold:
Another Book would make it clear——
Too ſacred to be mention'd here.

V. 114. *Why not allow a Tree to talk?*—] See the Prologue to the firſt Book of *Phædrus's* Fables.

V. 117. *In the Greek Epigram*—] The Vine to the Goat. In this Epigram, the Vine threatens the Goat, that altho' he ſhould brouſe him down to the very Roots, he will yet, in ſpite of his Teeth, bring forth Fruit enough to be poured upon the Goat when he comes to be *ſacrificed*.

V. 119. *Another Book*—] See the ix Chap. of Judges, 8 Verſe. This is perhaps one of the moſt ancient Fables in the World. And we have the Authority of the ſacred Volume for introducing the *Bramble* as an Emblem of Vanity and Self-conceit. Verſe 15,

Sir,—Now proceeds our Plant, with Spirit,——
Do Juſtice to a Tree of Merit;---
The *Brambles* never were intended
Merely to keep your Hedges mended,
Or ſtand, like Porters, at your Door,
Expos'd to all the Winds that roar.
No, Sir, about the Reign of *Brute*,
Our Family held high Repute,
And ſearch ſome Ages longer paſt,
You'll find us all the public Taſt.
" My Great-great-Grandſire, of Renown,
" Was nominated to the Crown.
" No Plant boaſts better Blood than We,
" In all the Realms of *Botany*.
" But boaſting hurts me to the Root:—
" Sir, do you value Form or Fruit?
" Obſerve theſe gently-bending Arms,
" The Line of Beauty muſt have Charms:

V. 132. *Nominated to the Crown*—] See Judges as above.

" I

" I need but hint theſe Things to you,
" Whoſe Judgement's ſo correctly true.
" This variegated Leaf behold,
" Diſtinct with vegetable Gold,
" Its Colour, juſtly to determine,
" Is Velvet green, lin'd thro' with Ermine.
" Conſider what I've briefly ſaid,
" And take, oh! take me to your *Bed*:
" Once planted there, your Walls include
" A Miracle of Gratitude;
" My Fruit is Nectar;---And for Flowers——
" Lord, what a Thing's a Roſe to Ours!"---

" Thou Tree of ſovran Virtue! pardon
" This late Admiſſion to my Garden,"
Cry'd ſimple John, and plac'd her there,
Exhauſting all his Skill and Care.
Vow'd that he ne'er had heard her Worth:---
The World was envious, and ſo forth.——

Blam'd

Blam'd his own Negligence; but now
He'd hang his Heart upon her Bough.
The dappled Morn, the Twilight grey,
And all the intermediate Day,
Attempering Heat, Cold, Damp and Drineſs,
He'd watch and wait upon her *Highneſs*.

He did;---and now, aſtoniſh'd, mourns,
To find his Garden fill'd with *Thorns*;---
The Leaf of Velvet and of Ermine,
Proves a mere Harbour for the Vermin;
Her beauty-bending Arms but ſtretch
To poiſon all within her Reach;
Her Flower a Weed;—and to conclude
Her nectar'd fruit, vile, coarſe, and crude.
And how to root her out again——
Aye, there's the Labour, and the Pain!

What are his Profits?—This alone,
One Rule Experience made his own;

Never to truſt *Self-praiſe* again,
Whoe'er the Speakers, Plants, or Men.
Ere on his Heart they ſhall entrench,
Reſolves to know them Root and Branch.

What Wonder, pick'd up in a Ramble,
Your *Jeſſamy* ſhould prove a *Bramble?*
Credulity, in Search of Bliſs,
" Puts Rancors in the Veſſel of your Peace."

THE

THE
APPLE-TREE and the MONKEYS.

FABLE VI.

WITH *Scylla* there, *Charybdis* here,
Life's happy Voyager muſt ſteer
A middle Courſe; the Whirlpool's Thunder
May drive him on the Rocks to founder.
Too raſhly truſting to the Seas,
Millions have ſhipwreck'd all their Eaſe,
And coldly cautious, Millions more,
By preſſing on the faithleſs Shore.

Credulity's the Poet's Theme;——
But there's an oppoſite Extreme,
Suſpicion, which deſtroys no leſs
Your Virtue and your Happineſs.
The *Cat* and *Bramble* you conclude on't
Proclaim aloud;—"*Ye Fair, be prudent.*"

Yes, ever prudent ;—but from hence
Should you be *prudiſh* too, your Senſe,
Your Beauty, Nature is diſtorted,
And our Philoſophy perverted :
Thoſe Fables aim'd not to diſparage
An early, but a haſty Marriage.

Fortune and Form at once conſpir'd
To make *Prudelia* ſoon admir'd;
The wealthy, virtuous, wiſe, polite,——
Nay, one in whom all theſe unite,
Offer'd his Hand ; her Friends approv'd,
She ask'd her Heart, and found ſhe lov'd.
Why heſitate a Moment then
To give it to the beſt of Men ?
She would be woo'd, and not, unſought,
Beſtow herſelf too ſoon, ſhe thought ;
Decorum, Modeſty require,
Or Mode ſome Penance from Deſire..

His

His pleaded Reaſon long ſhe heard,
But ſtill her own Conſent deferr'd,
Prompted by Prudery, or Pride,
In ſhort, 'till poor *Eugenio*---dy'd.

Some Years were paſs'd: howe'er the Maid did
(Her vernal Bloſſoms ſomething faded)
Retain a kind of *Autumn* Beauty,
Which kept freſh Lovers ſtill on Duty.
This but confirm'd her native Error,
And ſunk her to a mere *Demurrer*.
Nor was the tedious Proceſs o'er,
Until ſhe verg'd on Forty-four;
Then did her mellow Honors drop,
Plump, without ſhaking, on a Fop.
The Thing which moſt her Soul abhorr'd
Save Celibacy's Ape-ty'd Cord.
For Authors of the Legend write,
Who Hymeneal Bands ſhall ſlight,

V. 4. *Demurrer*——] See the Spectator, No. 84.

For

For Penance muſt, to Man a Foe,
Lead Monkeys in the World below.
Prudelia, thus become a Wife,
Was led by *Her*'s for Term of Life;
Joyleſs ſhe liv'd, and hopeleſs dies,
No Daughter's Hand to cloſe her Eyes,
No Son to tell a future Age,
Her Name, or ſpeak his Parentage;
Bidding a taſtleſs World Adieu,
She left one Legacy to you,
Ye Slaves of Pride, and falſe Decorum,---
This Fable hung out *in Terrorem.*——
If you receive the friendly Strain,
Prudelia did not live in vain.

In th' olden Time, when Brutes and Trees
Convers'd with Dignity and Eaſe,
A beauteous Apple-tree in Bloom,
Enrich'd the Zephyrs with Perfume.

The lordly Elephant, the Breed
Of Royal Lions, Stag, and Steed,
To her addreſs an humble Suit
To be the Guardian of her Fruit.—
Beg'd that ſhe'd drop one Leaf—to ſhew
Which was her Favourite below.
She thank'd them for their generous Care,
But 'twas too early to *declare* ;
She knew them all for Brutes of Honor,
And therefore could not take upon her
Th' important Mark ſo ſoon to toſs 'em :—
She ſaid ;—and bluſh'd thro' every Bloſſom.

They watch'd the vegetable Maid,
'Till all her Bloom began to fade,
And then entreated ſhe'd elect her
Own Favourite, as ſworn Protector ;
For now advanc'd apace the Seaſon,
When Honor's ſacred Laws, and Reaſon

Demanded her Reſolve, that free,
The reſt might ſerve his ſeveral Tree.

Studious their Queſtion to evade,
She ſhook the Honors of her Head ;---
" She knew too little of Brute-kind,
" So ſuddenly to ſpeak her Mind :---
" Petition'd for a longer Day,
" Juſtly the Worth of each to weigh."
For Pride ſuggeſted, if ſhe could
Detain them all, the neighbouring Wood,
Confeſſing her Attraction great,
Muſt envy, and admire her State.
The Suitors ſaw her Drift, and fir'd
With juſt Reſentment, all retir'd ;
Left her defenceleſs to the Ravage
Of every Creature, tame and ſavage.

Next came a Tribe of *Bulls* and *Bears*,
But theſe her Pride at once forſwears ;

With Self-applauſe ſhe caſt a Look
On the broad Mirror of a Brook,
" And wonder'd much, She ſaid, from whence
" Proceeded their Impertinence.
" This Baby-bloom, which I deſpiſe,
" And ever ſhall---I ſee it flys;
" But all ſuch Trifles gone and o'er,
" She ſtill had *golden Fruit* in Store,
" And ne'er would throw herſelf away
" On ſuch low Animals as They."

The Summer now was haſting by,
Nor did one Brute of Worth apply:
Her Bloſſoms dead, her Leaves turn'd yellow,
And all her Fruitage growing mellow,
Deſpair had ſeiz'd her, and ſupply'd
The Place of Petulance and Pride;
But that a Band of MONKEYS came,
And ply'd with Flattery the Dame:—

She ſmil'd Applauſe.---They ſtrove to grapple,
Without more Form, the dangling Apple;
They leapt;---It ſhook her to the Root;
Sudden, down dropp'd the wrinkled Fruit,
Scarce hop'd for by themſelves ſo ſoon,
And plump'd upon an *Old Baboon*.
He ſeiz'd that Earneſt of her Charms,
And crawl'd, ſlow-fumbling, to her Arms:
There, ſquinting horrid Love, he ſtood
The Guardian of her ſapleſs Wood,
Which once the Grace and Pride, now proves
The Laughing-ſtock of all the Groves.

Accept, ye Fair, Prudelia's ſong,
And dare not to *demur* too long.
Such as of Leaves the Generation,
Is Love-inſpiring Youth's Duration:
To flouriſh long no Art can cauſe 'em,—
And Beauty's briefer than the Bloſſom!

THE

LOTTERY.

FABLE VII.

MAN, KNOW THY SELF; the Rule was given,
If antient Bards ſay true, from Heaven.
Conſult thy Head and Heart, and thence
Learn thine own Rank and Conſequence;
Nor Sentiment, nor Science there,
Love's generous Reign is not thy Sphere.

Hence, ye prophane!---as well the Birth
Of Worms, that darkling mine the Earth,
May criticiſe fair *Iris*' Bow,
And Light's refracting Powers know:——
The heavy-gaited Toad pretend
Motion's true Grace to comprehend,
As *ſordid* Souls, to know, or prove,
The Raptures of exalted Love.

'Tis not mere animal Deſire,
Nor *Plato's* mild ideal Fire;
But That by This reform'd, muſt give
And bid connubial Tranſport live.
Without chaſt *Delicacy* dies,
At once the Magic of the Eyes,
Chaſt Delicacy, not in You
Alone, but in your Huſband's too;
And ſince She never rul'd Man's Breaſt,
Till Senſe and Science were his Gueſt,
The *Coxcomb's* Flame, to ſtate it right,
Is Paſſion, Hunger, Appetite,
And Marriage, to your Coſt, will prove,
'Tis any Thing but laſting Love.

Who bear the honour'd *Huſband's* Name,
Are truſted with your Peace, your Fame,
Your Perſon, Soul almoſt---receive
All that a Woman has to give.

Hence

Hence muſt their Boſoms be endu'd
With Seraph-glowing Gratitude,
Or Hymeneal Cupid ſoon
Will abdicate his joyleſs Throne.
But even Gratitude, we find,
Demands ſome Dignity of Mind---
More, all agree, than can reſide
With earth-born Ignorance and Pride.

But when ingenuous Minds you fire,
And ſuch your Hand and Heart require,
The ſacred Truſt, ye Fair, beſtow,
Secure of all that's Bliſs below.

Then let the million'd Merchant mourn,
Or titled Ignorance, forlorn,
Their ſlighted Love; the Rich in Senſe,
Bleſt with a decent Competence,
Are rich and great enough for you,
That heart-felt Happineſs purſue.

But ſtill let Delicacy guide,
O'er every Word, Look, Thought preſide;
That only is, as Time will ſhew t'ye,
The WIFE's *Economy of Beauty:*
Thro' every Hour of Life it gives
A thouſand Raptures, and receives.
For Years, that ſpoil the Face, improve
The Mind,---ſole Source of generous Love.

If theſe are Truth, how melancholy
The Views of Ignorance and Folly!

No; *Self-Conceit* in Thoſe is plac'd
Inſtead of Sentiment and Taſt;
And That ſuch Confidence beſtows,
As real Merit rarely knows:
Their Satisfaction ſprings from hence;
They doubt not their own Worth, or Senſe.

Thus

Thus Fools pretend to Wit, the Knave
To moral Dignity, the Slave
To Vice of mental Freedom boaſts,
Ogles the *Minim* Beau, and toaſts;
Nay ſwart Deformity aſſumes
The Robe of Grace; but each preſumes,
Thro' the pert, ſelf-applauding Crew,
His Soul prepar'd for Love and You.

Let them preſume; ye caution'd Fair,
Attend the Fable, and beware.

Jove made a Lottery;—Heavens wide Wickets
Flew open for the Sale of Tickets:
The Prizes capital were Treaſure,
Fame, Titles, Power, Peace, and Pleaſure;
Some mental Graces were provided,
Combin'd with Theſe, or ſubdivided.

The Price,—a Vow, or Wiſh alone,
For every Son of Man had One.
Chance turn'd, and drew;—She that ne'er ſlumbers,
Briſk *Hope*, receiv'd, and read the Numbers;
Silence, the Child of *Expectation*,
In Perſon took the Beadle's Station.
But 'twere an endleſs Taſk to tell,
To whom the ſeveral Prizes fell;
How This had Genius, That had Wealth,
Or Titles, Beauty, Power or Health,
Some ten, ſome twenty *Talents* drew,
And ſome perhaps but one or two:
Suffice it to be underſtood,
The Greateſt came to---GEORGE THE GOOD;
'Twas *Virtuous Wiſdom*, all that can
Adorn and dignify the Man.
Not the much-envied Powers that dwell
In talking, but in doing well,

Filling

Filling Life's Offices in Youth,
By Maxims of eternal Truth.

Exalted Character!---where blend
King, Patriot, Huſband, Father, Friend,
And all the Charities that here
Improve Exiſtence, or endear.
Conſcious of inward Greatneſs, He
Ne'er took an Alms of Flattery,
Or beg'd one Eulogy for State;
Who praiſe Him beſt muſt imitate:
He reads his Hiſtory in the Eyes
Of all the Good, and all the Wiſe.
Conſcience approves;---'tis all we know
Of ſolid Happineſs below.

Cry'd Envy, is it thus, great *Jove*,
Your Impartiality you prove?---
To give the Prize of deareſt Worth
To your own Delegate on Earth?

In Spite of Crowns to make him bleſt,
The Firſt of Mortals, now the Beſt!
No, *Jove*, we ſee at every Glance,
This could not be the Work of *Chance*.

To pleaſe, and puniſh them at once,
He gave to every murmuring Dunce
Freſh Tickets, which to all ſupply
Nor Wit, nor Worth, but *Vanity*,
Rich Vanity;—they ſeiz'd their Lot,
And grew important on the Spot.
Self-love, or Humor, or Caprice
Gave every Fool the *Golden Fleece*.
Or, as in Style of Men 'twould ſound,
Each had the TWENTY THOUSAND POUND.

V. 129. *Self-love, or Humor*—Humor cannot exert itſelf to that extravagant Degree in the Ladies, which it often does in the male Sex. For if ever any Thing does appear comical or ridiculous in a Woman, I think it little more than an acquired Folly, or Affectation. We may call them the *weaker* Sex, but I think the true Reaſon is, becauſe our Follies are ſtronger, and our Faults more prevailing.
CONGREVE's Letters to *Dennis*.

Science

Science and Nature ſeem'd to roll
Their richeſt Tributes to their Soul,—
To ſhew their hidden Charms, and bring
Capacity for every Thing.

Such the *Fop's* Patent and Commiſſion;
His Knowledge?---all by Intuition:
Hence without reading, Criticks, hence
Loud Patriots, without Worth, or Senſe,
And gentle Love is every Fool's Pretence.

So Maggots o'er their native Dirt
Awhile on flimſy Pinions flirt,
Reptiles at Morn, ere Noon they fly,
And in an Hour affect the Sky.

Deluded by the ſpecious Show,
Should female Innocence beſtow
Her rapture-bringing Hand on thoſe;
For Life She's fetter'd to her Foes:

And ſoon ſhall Diſappointment dart
Its Scorpions thro' her hopeleſs Heart.

'Tis hard;---but Woes without Redreſs,
Patience alone can render leſs.

A WIFE

A

WIFE IN A BAG.

After this Manner do both Sexes deceive themſelves, and bring Reflections and Diſgrace upon the moſt happy, and moſt honourable State of Life.—Whereas if they would but correct their depraved Taſt, moderate their Ambition, and place their Happineſs upon *proper Objects*, we ſhould not find Felicity in the Marriage State ſuch a Wonder in the World as it now is.

ADDISON.

FAB. VIII.

A

WIFE IN A BAG.

FABLE VIII.

PASSION and Prudence both her Guide,
Clelia became a raptur'd Bride;
Her Swain had every manly Grace,
Benevolence illum'd his Face:——
Was virtuous, learned, in a Word,
By Right, as well as Rank, a Lord.

Genius of *Moore!* whoſe Tales impart
True Knowledge of the Female Heart,
Could'ſt thou divine, with ſuch a Spouſe,
My Lady ſhould repent her Vows?
Alas! *poor Yorick!*---Thou too gone!
The Taſk muſt then be all my own,
To take, for never will return ye,
Her Boſom's *Sentimental Journey*,---

Search

Search every Province of her Mind,
The latent Spring of Grief to find.

The *Hymenéal* Viſits o'er,
Her Ladyſhip look'd gay no more;
A Huſband finiſh'd to the Nail—
Rank, Riches,—nothing could avail
To ſatisfy her Wants and Fancies;
But wherefore?—Why, She reads Romances.---
Faſtidious, hence her Grief began
To find my Lord was but---a Man;
Hero, or *Demigod*, a Creature,
Free from th' Infirmities of Nature,
Her vaſt Idea fills alone;---
Nay, he muſt bend before her Throne,
In trembling Adoration ſtill,
Nor dare exiſt, unleſs She will.
Too wiſe for Joy, no Soul was ſillier,
A Touch, a Word, a Look fámiliar,

To Fiends of Spleen reſign'd her Breaſt,
Diſſolv'd in Grief, or broke her Reſt;
Her Whims indulg'd---he ſeldom ſpeeded,
His Silence from Contempt proceeded;
Hence She aſſum'd, to cure his flouting,
The ſullen Dignity of Pouting;
Oppos'd---She flew to tragic Ranting,
And all was Fury, Fits, and Fainting.

Ye ſober few, who dare defy
A Circulating Library!
That Plague, which Diſappointment brings,
Like Skreech-owls, borne on leathern Wings,
To damp the Joy of many a Pair,
Whom Nature meant for Love ſincere;
" Not to expect, is all I know,
" Can make you bleſt, or keep you ſo".
Ye *Female Quixotes*, curſe the Day,
When *N---ble's* Authors came in Pay;

The *faultleſs Monſters* they have liſted;
Exiſtences that ne'er exiſted,
Without one Line, Limb, Look or Feature,
Drawn from the Book of human Nature,
Like chattering Sprites ſhall haunt your Lives,
Whene'er you venture to be Wives.
Man---need you learn a Truth ſo common?
Is but a coarſer Kind of Woman;
At beſt no more; and muſt, like you,
Want Pardon and Indulgence too:
But, if his general Life be right,
Shall trivial Faults offend your Sight?
Diſcover'd not by Choice, but Chance,
Seen every where, ſave in Romance.
The *Wife's Philoſophy* is This:---
Doubting her own Senſe more than his,
Since from ſome Errors none is clear,
Thoſe Faults to which the Fleſh is Heir,

To wink at in a Huſband;---try
His Virtues how to magnify:
Perſuaded, tho' the Fates ſhould let her
Exchange, ſhe might not for a better;
But, when Perfection's ſought in vain,
Be glad to take her own again.
So warns, unhappy to offend,
Your Sex's Guardian, Lover, Friend.

But, leſt our humble Precepts fail,
Here follows, by your Leave, a Tale.

Involv'd in mental Gloom, a Swain
Walk'd darkling o'er the ſun-bright Plain;
Falſe Delicacy made his Mind
For earthly Bleſſings too refin'd;
Foredoom'd, he dreamt himſelf, to know
Diſguſt in all things, like *Rouſeau*.
Chief, as he ſumm'd the Woes of Life,
He felt, or thought he felt, his Wife;

Her Faults he could not ſay, or ſing,
No Matter—ſtill She's not *the Thing*.
Would Fate permit to chuſe again!
O Grief of Griefs!—That wiſh is vain.

Not ſo, quoth *Jove*, and fair and ſoft,
Wafted the *Murmurer* aloft,
" You blam'd the Fates, Sir—This is their Houſe,
" Here, take my Warrant; ſearch the Warehouſe;
" Look at thoſe Bags. Now ſuit your Wiſhes;
" They hold not Wind, as erſt *Ulyſſes'*,
" But Women, Sir;---I mean, they ſhew
" The Qualities of all below.
" Nay, ſtand not thus a mere Beholder,
" But lift them freely to your Shoulder;
" What moſt commodiouſly You bear,
" And carry, without galling, there,
" Contains her Qualities, who beſt
" Of all on Earth can make you bleſt."

He

He bow'd:---the pleaſing Taſk begun,
And weigh'd them, cautious, One by One;
'Twere vain each Eſſay to recite,
This was too heavy, that too light;
Thouſands were neither, did he need 'em,
Might ſerve; but perfect Eaſe and Freedom,
Theſe were his Objects. Well, at length,
He found One ſuited to his Strength,
He ſhoulder'd it:—"*Heureka!---Jove*,
It fits me neater than my Glove:
Nor ſhort, nor long, nor wide, nor narrow,
'Tis Balſam to my Bones and Marrow;
In Weight exact too; not a Hair
Deficient, no, nor One to ſpare.
Grant me, dread Sire, but ſuch a Wife,
And I'm completely bleſt for Life."

"There take her:—Now unrip the Binding,
And let us view this lucky Finding."

He did, and—wonderful to ſhew!
Out popp'd his own dear Wife below!

" Shame burn thy Cheeks, prepoſterous Elf!
Who made thee wretched, but thyſelf?
Alike the Fool, and fool-refin'd,
Muſt change, indeed, but 'tis their Mind;
Till then, be This their Mark, or Adage;
The Fault's in *Me*, and not my *Baggage*."

Why laugh, Ye Fair?---The Fable's true,
Change but the Sex, of ſome of You.

THE

THE

BLACK BIRD AND THE BULL-FINCH.

A

TOWN ECLOGUE.

FABLE IX.

CORINNA from the *Coterie* had flown
Two Hours at leaſt, and preſs'd the feveriſh Down,
On Scraps of Scandal ſtill her Fancy fed,
And *L—ne*'s loud Laugh re-rattled thro' her Head;
Shorne of its Infamy *Divorce* walk'd forth,
And *Pleaſure* baniſh'd *Decency* from Earth,
Religion follow'd, but her Pace ſeem'd ſlow:---
Viſions! or hardly realis'd below.

Th' *Au-*

Th' *Aurora-Scullion* to the Hall made way,
Unbarr'd the Shutters, and produc'd the Day;
There, in the Window, by a Curtain's Shade,
Where all a *Ventilator's Zephyrs* play'd,
A BLACK BIRD, and a piping BULL-FINCH hung;
And thus, melodious goſſipping, they ſung:

BULL-FINCH.

Why ſit we mute, while early Traders throng
To hail the Morning with the Voice of Song?
Why ſit we ſad, when Lamps ſo faſt decline,
And, but for Fog and Smoke, the Sun would ſhine?
Hark! the ſhrill *Muffin-Man* his Carol plies,
And *Milk*'s melodious Treble rends the Skies,
Spar'd from the Synagogue, the *Cloathſman*'s Throat,
At meaſur'd Pauſe, attempers every Note,
And *Chairs-to-mend!* with all is heard to join
Its long majeſtic Trill, and Harmony divine.

Your Roundelay by Nature only taught,
Your Voice and Manner prove you newly caught,
Guiltleſs of Taſt, ſome Powers indeed you ſhare,
Who, and whence are you? let your Song declare.

BLACK-BIRD.

Me, hapleſs me, this Night, from rural Shade
Some Hand conducted, or ſome Coach convey'd.
Woe worth the Day, which firſt *Corinna* thee
Seduc'd from peaceful Pleaſures, and from me!
Bleſt, tho' a Captive's Fortune doom'd to try,
My Cage was all the World when ſhe was by.
I knew no Morning but her roſy Cheek,
And all was Muſic when ſhe deign'd to ſpeak;
And much ſhe ſpoke: her Words ſo ſoft and free,
What Warbler of the Grove but envy'd me?
Her Eyes, that watch'd my Wants, their lov'd Employ,
Thoſe Suns, that gave me Life, and Light, and Joy,

Are loſt—*Corinna* quits her plumy Care,
And all is Diſcord, Darkneſs, and Deſpair.
Say, gentle Friend, know you the lovely Maid?
In Pity tell, ah! tell me where ſhe's ſtray'd.

BULL-FINCH.

Corinna! yes, I know her ſimple Swain:
Cornelys ſooner ſhall proclame in vain
Th'approaching *Gala*; or *St. James*'s Bell
From *White*'s to Prayers one loſing Lord impel,
And high-born, longing Lovers learn to ſpell;
Sooner the *Beau* enflame his Eyes with Reading,
Or Bluſhes ceaſe to prove a Want of Breeding;
Sooner *Heinel* ſhall really thank the Ninnies,
Who let her *ſlip*, and *ſlide* away their Guineas;
Sooner the gentle *Quaverum* forego,
To keep the Poor from ſtarving---*Millico*;
Sirman reduce her head to Nature's Plan,
Or mincing *Macaroni* make a Man;

Than I that faſhionable Name diſown;
" Not to know her would argue me unknown."
Ye Links! whoſe Sun-ſhine thro' the Midnight gleams,
Ye morning Kennels! many-colour'd Streams!
Ye *Naiads!* liſtening thro' your evening Grate;
And thou *Salmonean* Thunder at the Gate!
If I forget, bear witneſs to my Shame,
Or Evening, Morn, or Night *Corinna*'s Name.
Her Servant I, this Houſe her own Domain,
And conſecrate it ſtands to *Pleaſure*'s Reign.

BLACK-BIRD.

O early loſt! for ever lov'd! adieu,
Some other bears that Name endear'd by you.
Yes, MY *Corinna* calls no Houſe her own,
All is her Lord's, and he is her's alone;
I heard her vow to honour and obey,
I ſaw her keep her Vow from Day to Day,

Good Nature with good Senſe, her Art and Guide,
Though three Years wedded ſtill ſhe bloom'd a Bride,
Each rich in each, had all the World could boaſt,
Their ſole Ambition to oblige the moſt;
Eaſy abroad, when forc'd abroad to roam,
But happy only in themſelves at home.

Ye Ringdoves! Pattern of connubial Love,
And thou ſweet Soother of the darkling Grove.
Dear Philomel! thro' all your Tribes declare
Know you a truer, or ſo bleſt a Pair?
What Turtle, widow'd by the Fowler's Dart,
Heard her poor Orphans with a ſofter Heart,
Than ſhe her Infant's Moan, his Wants to know,
The Sob of Sorrow, and the Tale of Woe.

BULL-FINCH.

Some *homely* Joys once MY *Corinna* try'd,
'Till *Faſhion* laugh'd her from her Huſband's Side,

Ere the *Bon-Ton* had ruſh'd into her Heart,
Or taught her Man and Wife might live apart;
While yet ſhe ſtarted at the *Chicheſbey*,
And *Maſquerades* were thought on with diſmay.

Hail *ſacred Love of Cards!* 'tis thine to give
Faſhion's laſt Touch, and teach the Great to live.
To thee we owe it that *Corinna*'s Face
So ſoon rejected every vulgar Grace;
Late Hours are thine, hence Sicklineſs in State,
And all the lovely Languor of the Great:
Hence Taſt in chuſing Cheeks and Lips is ſhewn,
And Nature blooms in Roſes not her own.
Genius of Play! what Power with thee ſhall vie
To point with Paſſion every rolling Eye?
Hope, *Fear*, and ſparkling *Rage*, a decent Train,
The modern Graces, ſpeak thy golden Reign;
And theſe were her's, they to her Breaſt retir'd,
And *Love*'s pert Fireworks, one by one, expir'd.

The Wife's low Duties, and the Mother's Charge,
Engage no more—She loves the World *at large.*
My Lord's Complaints—for ſuch Complaints flow faſt
From vulgar Boſoms unſubdu'd by Taſt—
His raſh Remonſtrance, ſhe, with patient Ear,
Took Counſel of her Card-Purſe when to hear,
And oft ſhe heard them; 'till unkindly croſt,
Tho' poor Five Thouſand Guineas all ſhe loſt,
She—let his brutal Avarice bear the Blame—
To pay her Debt of Honor, pawn'd her Fame:
A ſeparate Maintenance ſhe claim'd of Right,
And now *Corinna*'s every Thing polite.

BLACK-BIRD.

POLITE! no doubt, that's happy in Extreme;
I envy not, but wonder at your Theme,
And thus in Darkneſs, Smoke and Fogs to ſing,
This may be *Taſt*, perhaps---*polite*---the Thing.

Fooliſh, I thought that *Nature*'s ſimple Plan
Propos'd true Bliſs to Woman, Bird, and Man;
And happy in my Error let me die,
For thus *Corinna* thinks as well as I.

He ſpoke, he dy'd; acroſs the Hall ſhe came,
And ſhew'd the Ruins of his former Dame,
'Twas HIS *Corinna* too; the Sight oppreſs'd,
With Sorrow, Shame and Rage his throbbing Breaſt.
'Twas ſhe, but ah! how chang'd, one Year had ſtole,
Grace from her Cheek, and Virtue from her Soul.
Pantheon'd, *Gala'd*, *maſqu'd*, *Ridotto'd* right,
Night turn'd to Day, and Day of courſe to Night,
One *faſhionable* Winter, hardly o'er;
(Believe, ye Fair! and ſigh for Town no more,
But let your native Groves, and Rivulets pleaſe)
Pleaſure had done the Buſineſs of Diſeaſe.

" Some natural Tears ſhe dropt, but wip'd them ſoon"
And ordered *Tables* for the Afternoon.

So when ſome *Turtled* Knight has eat his laſt,
Her Ladyſhip with decent Horror grac'd,
Looms from the ſide-Box, on ſweet *Shuter*'s Night,
And hung with *Diſmals* meditates Delight.

THE

THE

MERMAID.

Beauty muſt ſuffer no Diminution by Inelegance, but every Charm muſt contribute to *keep* the Heart, which it contributed to *win*. Whatever would have been concealed as a Defect from the *Lover*, muſt, with yet greater Diligence, be concealed from the HUSBAND. The moſt intimate and tender Familiarity cannot, ſure, be ſuppoſed to exclude *Decorum*.

HAWKESWORTH.

FAB. X.

THE

MERMAID.

FABLE X.

BLESS me, my Dear! ſo early down;
Your Head dreſs'd, in a Morning Gown;
Your very *diſhabille* I vow,
Neatneſs itſelf from Top to Toe!

Yes, Couſin, I have never varied,
I'm thus exact *becauſe* I'm married;
Thoſe honeſt Arts by which we gain,
Muſt ſtill be practis'd to retain.

The Wife, like other Conquerors,
(Love has his Camp as well as Wars)
That Citadel, a Huſband's Heart,
Muſt *keep* and *win* with equal Art;
Who ſleeps on Guard, may wake to ſee
The Triumph of an Enemy.

A Miſtreſs is a *Volunteer*,
May ſerve a Month, perhaps a Year,
A mere *Cadet*---but rais'd a Wife,
She's bound to Duty all her Life;——
A Poſt of Vigilance, 'tis true,
But 'tis a Poſt of Honor too;
Nay, more in Wonder to enwrap ye,
'Tis a Commiſſion to be happy.

Corinna careleſs of her Duty,
And no *Economiſt* in Beauty,
Like ſome young Heir, profuſely gay,
Squander'd that Stock of Charms away,
Which manag'd by a frugal Wife,
Had cheriſh'd Love as long as Life.
At Home, her Spirits were ſo ill,
She pouted always *diſhabille*,
But the next Moment name a *Party*,
What Woman half ſo briſk and hearty!

V. 23. *Corinna*—See the preceding Fable.

'Twas

'Twas then ſhe put her *Ceſtus* on,
And in her brighteſt Radiance ſhone,
Would, prodigal, on Coxcombs pour
Such Lovelineſs, in half an Hour,
As beam'd in her domeſtic Sphere,
Had bleſs'd my Lord thro' all the Year.
What wonder therefore ſhe ſhould prove
A *Bankrupt* in connubial Love?
We know her Fault, as well as Fate,
And dreading This, muſt fly from That.

What! can you Ways and Means diſcover
To keep the Huſband ſtill the Lover?
To make his Choice his Duty follow?
Oh ſpeak! and be my great *Apollo*.

Hear and attend, I boaſt no leſs——
Whate'er that Charm of Mien or Dreſs,
Of gentle Speech, or winning Smiles,
Or Delicacy, which beguiles

The wiſeſt Hearts, or dear Good-nature,
Or the mild, pity-ſoften'd Feature,
Or Mirth, or Sanctity of Manners,
Which brought him firſt to *Cupid*'s Banners;
That is thy Magic Zone, ne'er doubt it,
Or riſque one Interview without it;
That ſhall awake, thro' Life untir'd,
The Paſſion that it firſt inſpir'd;
As faithleſs we ſhall ſeldom weep him,
Thus tutor'd in THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

NERINE, Daughter of the Main,
The faireſt of the Mermaid Train,
Saw, as ſhe floated near the Strand,
A Youth in Contemplation ſtand,
Whoſe faultleſs Figure, in a Trice,
Around her Heart diſſolv'd the Ice;
And ſet a lambent Fire in Motion,
Unquenchable by all the Ocean.

She ſigh'd aloud;---a virtuous Flame
No Creature then eſteem'd a ſhame,---
Cloſe where he walk'd purſu'd her Way,
Beneath the Cryſtal of the Sea;
There told her Love, at each Emerſion,
In vain;---for *Fiſh* was his Averſion.

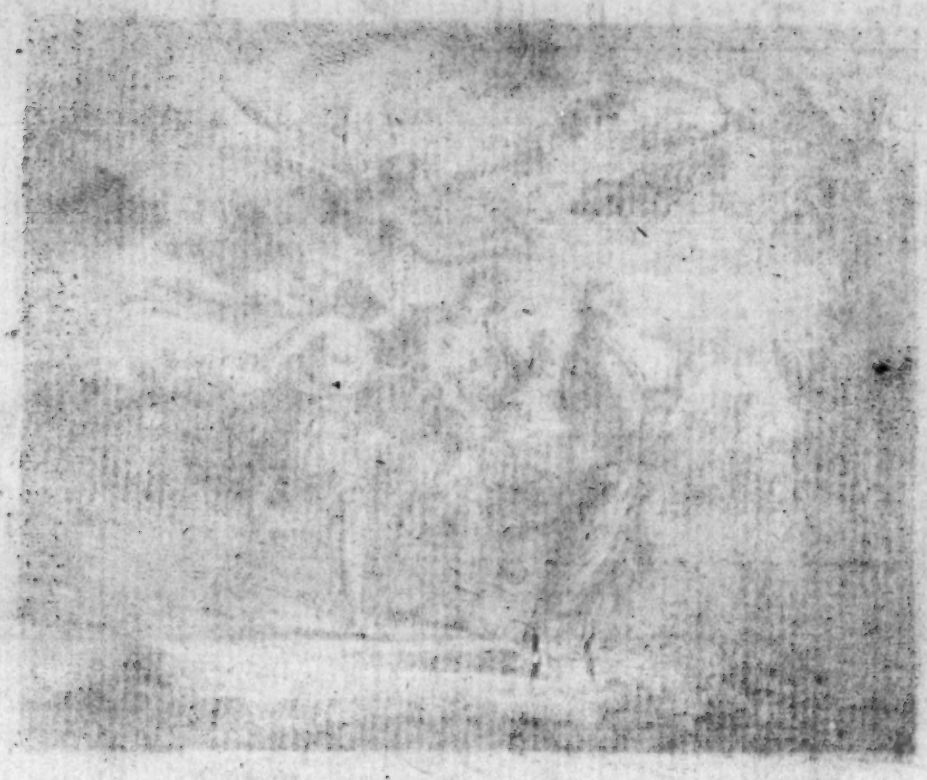
But as the ſoft Drop, falling ſtill,
Will thro' the ſolid Marble drill,
And melt the rough Flint by Degrees;
So her Solicitude to pleaſe,
Ev'n chang'd her Nature; now a *Scale*,
That cruſted, like a Coat of Mail,
Her ſnowy Form, and now a *Fin*
Dropt off, beneath the Waves, unſeen.
Mermaid, no more at length he found her
With every *Love*, and *Grace* around her;
She ſeem'd---who ſaw her will aver,---
Venus, or *Lady* CARPENTER;

He clamed her for his own, and led,
With Rapture, to the Bridal Bed.

What Time ſhe paſs'd, " Reflect, my Dear,"
Thus *Pallas* whiſper'd in her Ear,
" That unremitting Wiſh to charm,
" Which beautified thy Mind and Form,
" That, only That can baniſh quite
" The Fin and Scale from *Strephon*'s Sight:
" Know once diveſted of that Wiſh
" The Married Mermaid's but a *Fiſh*.
" Be This thy Principle thro' Life;---
" Proceed, and be a bleſſed Wife."

Save that ſhe oft was known to hold
Her Comb of Elephant and Gold---
That frequent Waſhings were her Choice,
And Harmony itſelf her Voice;
She ne'er expos'd, by Deed or Feature,
One Veſtige of her priſtine Nature.

VIRTUE,



Unhappy Sex! who only claime
A Being in the Breath of Fame,
Which tainted, nor the quick'ning Gale
That sweep Sabea's spicy Vale,
Nor all the healing Sweets refore,
That breathe along Arabia's Shore

More.

PAR. XI.

THE

FAMILY-PARTY.

Unhappy Sex! who only clame
A Being in the Breath of Fame,
Which tainted, not the quick'ning Gales
That ſweep *Sabæa*'s ſpicy Vales,
Nor all the healing Sweets reſtore,
That breathe along *Arabia*'s Shore.

MORE.

VIRTUE, GENIUS AND REPUTATION;

OR, THE

FAMILY-PARTY.

FABLE XI.

THE SAGE ſuppos'd that VIRTUE might
Be viſible to mortal Sight.
This happen'd once; how long awhile hence---
The Records paſs it o'er in ſilence.
But poſitive i each Memorial,
She really took a Form corporeal,
Was not too light; nor what you'd call grave;
But ſomething like the Lady *Walgrave*,---
Appear'd ſo charming, her Relation
GENIUS, and Coſin REPUTATION,

V. 1. *Sage—Plato.* See Tull. Offic.

Provok'd

Provok'd, it ſeems, by her Example,
Study'd awhile *Hogarth*'s Line,
And of the human Face divine
Both took a reaſonable Sample.
GENIUS like *Henley* ſallied forth,
And REPUTATION---*Lady North.*

Their Scheme was only to beſtow
Some Time with Mortals here below,
Make the *Grand Tour*, and ſee the World.
Think them on Board, their Sails unfurl'd,
Ploughing the Globe-ſurrounding Ocean,
Their Journey holding thus Diſcourſe on:

Dear Girls, ſays GENIUS, tho' agreed,
Together we muſt ſtill proceed,
Like the ſweet *handy-dandy Graces*,
And, *tout-enſemble* ſhew our Faces;

V. 12. *Hogarth*'s Line.—Analyſis of Beauty.

V. 15. *Henley*—Now the right honourable Lady *Bridget Lane.*

Yet

Yet ſhould or Chance, or Choice divide us,
Methinks, 'twere prudent to provide us,
Some previous, general Rule to guide us.

Well thought upon, my Dear, cry'd VIRTUE,
Ere diſembark'd it cannot hurt you,
To ſettle That---Do, Couſin *Rep*,
Adviſe us to the ſafeſt Step;
You know, my Dear, with what Delight,
We always keep your Rules in Sight.

Why, ſhould we part, ſays REPUTATION,
Perhaps ſome general Regulation
May hence reſult---Let each declare,
Ingenuouſly, with whom, and where,
Her Taſt, ſhe thinks, will moſt detain her,
And we ſhall eaſily regain her.
That for our Clue, we muſt diſcover,
Thro' all her Labyrinths, the Rover.

By *Prudence* nurs'd from early Youth,
Thou Child of *Decency*, and *Truth!*
The wiſe Man's Hope, the Brave's Reward,
The Female's Glory, Friend, and Guard!
GENIUS reply'd;---Hear me impart,
The genuine Dictates of my Heart:
Should poor eccentric I deſert you,
Be this the Guide to you and VIRTUE.

Wherever ſun-bright Science can
(Firſt Friend of Liberty and Man)
Aſſert her Throne, and put to flight
The Sons of Ignorance and Night;
Where'er the Muſe, at her Requeſt,
Shall deign to fill ſome hallow'd Breaſt,
Give the fine Frenzy of the Soul
From Earth to Heaven reſiſtleſs roll,
And in immortal Volumes feature
The Face of Univerſal Nature,

And Truth eternal: whereſoe'er
Or Taſt, or Judgment ſhall appear,
And, with unenvious, heart-felt Guſt,
Point out the *Beautiful* and *Juſt*;
Beſtow on each, with manly Spirit,
The Palm of literary Merit:
Where *Painting*'s glowing Hand be found,
To ſpread the living Canvas round,---
Tells to the Eye heroic Lives,
And all the mighty Dead revives,
To plead the Cauſe of Truth again:
Or opens ſome ideal Plain,
On which, in all their Bloom, ariſe
Perennial Springs of Paradiſe,
Hanging, at once, on many a Bower,
The Fruit, the Foliage, and the Flower,
Beneath whoſe Shade the lowing Herd
Repoſe, and each harmonious Bird

Speaks Gratitude to *Fancy*'s Ear,
That ſeeing, we believe we hear,
And bleſt, indulge the mild Deceit,
Till *Nature* ſeems to fear Defeat;
Where *Sculpture*'s animated Braſs,
Or breathing Stone adorns the Place,
Peopling the venerable Shrines
With GEORGES, *Joves*, or *Antonines*:
There ſeek for me;—midſt ſuch a Train,
GENIUS was never ſought in vain.

You'll find, ſays VIRTUE, to your coſt,
I'm not ſo ſoon regain'd when loſt.
In Towns my Favourites are but few,
In Courts, perhaps,—but One or Two.
I find the beſt (don't think me rude)
Society in Solitude;
I ſpeak of Mortals; they're as ſhy
Of me, as of an Enemy.

Not

Not yet convinc'd (you'll ſcarce believe)
Without me 'tis not Life to live.
The Man of Buſineſs, or of Pleaſure,
Will find but little Joy or Leiſure,
To entertain me—I ſhall fly
To Regions of Obſcurity.
There with *Religion*, whom you know
My ſafeſt Partner here below,
Or with true *Honor*, her Relation,
May chuſe perhaps ſome humble Station,
Sworn to no Party, Prince, or Church.—
Should this diſcourage your Reſearch;
Yet know, in whatſoever State,
The great Man's good, the good Man great;
Where'er the Rich ſhall joy to dry
The Sorrow from Affliction's Eye;
Think all deſerve, who want his Aid---
Bring modeſt Merit from the Shade---

Can reliſh high the mental Feaſt---
Hope but in Bleſſing to be bleſt:
The Approbation ſhall regard
Of Conſcience, as his beſt Reward;
Where Friendſhip ſhews her generous Plan,
And proves the Dignity of Man;
Where *Love* ſhall wave his purple Pinions
O'er happy *Hymen*'s chaſt Dominions,
Nor mourn the mutual Fault divulg'd,
Or Wiſh diſloyal once indulg'd;
Where Judges to their holy Truſt
Are ſeen inexorably juſt,
Save that to Mercy's mild Controul
They ſometimes give the melting Soul:
Where *Patriotiſm*—much injur'd Sound!
Without Self-intereſt ſhall be found;
Where Senates dare not to apply
The ſacred Name of Liberty

To *Faction*'s Aims; where Soldiers fight
But for their King and Country's Right,
Content for That to bleed, or die;
There ſearch for me:—for there am I.

She ceas'd;---when REPUTATION took
Her Turn; and thus her Caution ſpoke.

Tho' with the beſt I boaſt my Line
To be of Origin divine,
That all who know, of me muſt ſpeak well,
My Dignity, Importance equal
With your's, or your's; yet I muſt own,
My Rules amount to this alone:
IF YOU EXPECT TO KEEP ME NEAR,
WATCH WITH A JEALOUS LOVER'S CARE,
NO MOMENT TRUST ME FROM YOUR SIGHT;
FOR, IF I ONCE SHOULD TAKE MY FLIGHT,
VAIN WILL BE FOUND YOUR BEST ENDEAVOUR;
I'M LOST FOR-EVER AND FOR-EVER!

Th'in-

Th'indignant Muſe diſdains to ſhew
What their Reception here below—
How *Genius* was a while careſs'd,
Juſt by a few of real Taſt,
But as ſhe ſeldom was inclin'd
To leave her Couſin *Rep* behind,
And *She* ſent *Virtue* ſtill before,
Who hardly knew a *Mattadore*---
Nay on a *Sunday*, 'twas aver'd,
They once refus'd to touch a Card---
The Facts conſider'd; all the Three
Were voted from the *Coterie*.
And *Frere* had Orders to declare
The ſolemn Judgment of the Chair:
" *Genius*, perhaps had *Ton* about her,
" But Folks might play a *Vole* without her;
" *Virtue* was prudiſh out of Meaſure---
" A perfect Spy upon their Pleaſure;---

" That,

" That, by their lateſt Regulation,
" *Titles* might ſerve for *Reputation*;
" For Records being ſearch'd, they find
" *She* was not in the Founder's Mind:
" Hence, they conceiv'd, no Member there,
" Had ever thought her worth their Care."

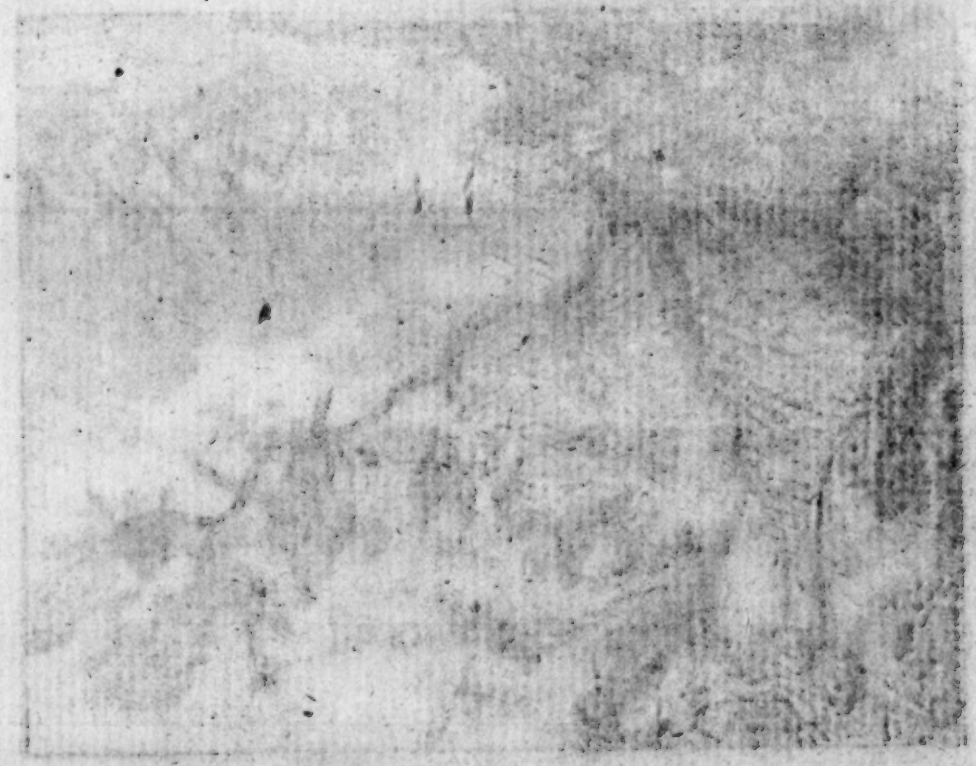
He ſpoke, and bow'd:---the Bells reſound,
And *Coming! Coming Ladies!* echo'd round.

Scared at the Cry, away they flew,
And, bluſhing for their Sex, withdrew;
But Scandals freſh their Souls appal,
" From the great Vulgar, and the Small."
At *Tunbridge* they were *awkward Twiſts*,
At *Bath* they paſs'd for *Methodiſts*,
At *Briſtol* Scoffs and Sneers purſue them,
Southampton---not a Creature knew them.

Thus ruin'd, they became ſo poor,
To beg, alas! from Door to Door,

But not a Soul would let them in,
Until at *Kew* they met---THE QUEEN.
SHE knew them all, their Aim, and End,
For *Virtue* was HER boſom Friend;
Genius SHE led with gentle Force,
And *Reputation* came, of courſe,
To Court,---where all in Splendor move,
Nor once regret the Realms above.

No need, ye Fair, to aſk about them,
HER MAJESTY ne'er ſtirs without them.



THE

MOCKING-BIRD.

Luke Milbourne was the FAIREST OF CRITICS; for having wrote againſt *Mr. Dryden's Virgil*, he did him Juſtice, by printing, at the ſame Time, his own Tranſlation, which was intolerable.

DUNCIAD.

THE

MOCKING-BIRD.

FABLE XII.

WITHIN her Parlour's ſecret Bound,
(A choſen Band of Friends around)
Thus *Sappho* wail'd her abſent Lord,
Symphonious with her Harpſichord :---
Love bade her write, while War's Alarms
Detain'd him from her widow'd Arms.

I.

As mourns to every Wind,
The Bird of peerleſs Song,
When ſome unpitying Hind
Hath ta'en her callow Young;

So I from Morn to Eve,
From Eve to dewy Morn,
Have taught the Woods to grieve,
And ſigh for your Return.

II.

The ſtraw-built Cot, the Bower
Beneath perfuming Trees,
The Grove hath loſt its Power,
Now thou art gone, to pleaſe.
The Linnet and the Thruſh---
Why would my *Phaon* go?---
That ſung from every Buſh,
Sit huſh'd in ſilent Woe.

III.

The fragrant Jaſmine Shade,
The Woodbind ever gay,
The Roſe appear'd to fade,
When *Phaon* went away:

The

The Pink of livelieſt Red,
That breath'd its Sweets for thee,
Hung down its languid Head,
Turn'd pale, and mourn'd, like me.

IV.

Illume this darkling Cell,
Our wonted Joys reſtore;
Ah! deign with us to dwell,
And Heaven can give no more.
Come, ſeek thy mourning Bride,
'Mid Nature's rural Track,
If *Love* be not thy Guide,
Let *Pity* bring thee back!

"*Let Pity bring thee back!*"---pray, let it!
Leſt *Sappho* rhyme again, and ſet it.

(The Viſit done, 'twas thus a Prude,
Critic profeſs'd, her Song review'd)

" What wretched Stuff! poor, doating Toad!
'Tis really worſe than *Cibber*'s Ode.
Whene'er in Verſe that Creature wails,
Be ſure to hear of Nightingales;
And then the Lillies hang their Head,
The Roſes too, forſooth, muſt fade:—
Don't you perceive a wonderous Hint here?
Oh ſtrange!--that Flowers ſhould fade in Winter.
Where were the purling Streams and Fountains,
The ſighing Gales, and mourning Mountains?
How came they to eſcape?---Ye Gods,
What Havock make our modern Odes
Among your Works!---If this be writing,
My Ears be deaf to their reciting.
Good-Nature, Candour,---ſuch the Names,
Which Ignorance at preſent clames,---
Will palliate all.---But if true Taſt
Has abdicated every Breaſt,

And Dulneſs rules the World; one Line
That World ſhall never ſee of mine."

What, Madam, have you never ſhewn
A ſingle Stanza of your own,
A Critic thus expert and able?
Pray, read one Poem more---A FABLE.

In that new Clime, whoſe honor'd Name
Records a Virgin Monarch's Fame,
The feather'd Poets of the Spray
Were chaunting forth their heaven-taught Lay;
When lo! the mighty MOCKING-BIRD
In ſullen Majeſty appear'd.
Nature had never bleſs'd his Throat
With one original, free Note;
But all he ſaid, and all he ſung,
Was echoed from another's Tongue:

V. 67. *New Clime*—Virginia.

Envy had taught him quick diſcerning,
And *Ridicule* was all his Learning.
The Song of meaner Birds was free,
He ſpared the *Wren*, as Critics me;
But Excellence ſupreme was ſure
His venom'd Tauntings to endure;
Merit of every kind his Mark——
Beware the Linnet, Thruſh and Lark!

In ſhort, no *Garrick* of the Grove
Preſum'd to look, to ſing, or move,
But ſtraight you heard the gibing Scoff;---
The MOCKING-BIRD had *took him off!*
A ſqueaking, ſqualling, ſquinting Creature,
The *Zany*, or *Tom-fool* of Nature,
An *outlaw'd* Reputation-ſtealer,
A wholeſale, and a retail Dealer
In vile Buffoonery, Winks and Nods,
That ſet the feather'd World at odds;---

Yet

Yet pleaſing all, who Spite admit
For Senſe, and Impudence for Wit:
He'd ſerv'd Apprenticeſhip, I trow,
To *Meſſieurs* K****, F*** *and Co.*

Soft Philomel, at Fall of Day,
Still ſung her Elegy, like Gray,
And pour'd, as He, the warbled Moan,
In Notes *Apollo*'s ſelf might own.
The Mocker liſten'd;---caught the Strain,
And echo'd every Note again.
The liquid Swell, the dying Fall,
He ſoon converted to a Squall;
Next the full Shake he choſe to ſing:---
'Twas flat, chromatic Quavering.
No Song, in ſhort, eſcap'd his Throat,
His Voice burleſquing every Note;
The Language of the melting Soul
He made a Kind of Maudlin Howl;

The Tone of Joy was downright Screaming,
Spoil'd both of Muſic, and of Meaning.

At length, deputed by the reſt,
One braver Bard the Sage addreſs'd:
" Dread Sir, the happieſt of us all
Does far beneath Perfection fall,
We know, and own; our *Faults* to hit,
Aſks, therefore, little Senſe or Wit;
Quote but a Nightingale by Pieces,
He ſeems---juſt what the Critic pleaſes.
One Rule of Our's I'm charg'd to mention,
To which we humbly crave Attention:

In *Truth* and *Virtue*'s ſacred Cauſe
Who ſings his beſt, may hope Applauſe,
Pardon, at leaſt, his Right may call,
From Thoſe who never ſung at all.
Admit his Deſcant hardly roſe
Above the Pitch of humble Proſe,

If fair the Motives that impel,
There's Merit in attempting well;
And tho' his Flowers are but a Weed,
Th'*Intent* with us embalms the Deed.

Suppoſe, like me, he pour'd the Lay,
T'improve the *Females* of the Spray,
Nor dreamt of Fame, nor thought of Pay;
But ſmitten with a Zeal of Fire,
To make them all your Souls admire,
Fair, wiſe, and good, as Heaven deſign'd,
The Grace and Bleſſing of your Kind;---
The Spirit good, e'en ſpare the Letter,
Indulge the Song, or ſing a better,
Leſt ſome miſtake the Critic's Pleaſure,
And ſlight the *Moral*, with the Meaſure.

Who treats another's Skill with Loathing,
In what himſelf exhibits Nothing,

Whate'er the Study, Art or Science—
Bids Equity and Shame Defiance.

A Title would you fairly clame
Our Songs to mangle and defame,
Publish yourself, and write your Name."

THE END.

30 OCT 73